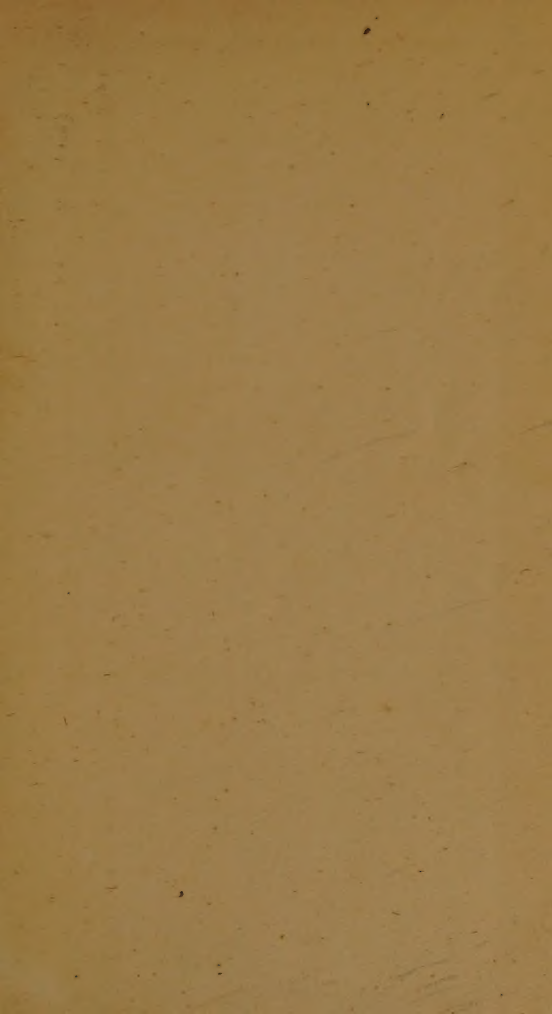


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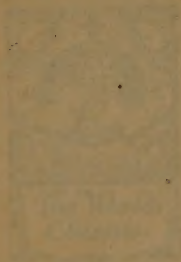
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The World's Classics

CCCX

ENGLISH VERSE



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W. PEACOCK

In five volumes
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DRYDEN
TO WORDSWORTH



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JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

THE FIRE OF LONDON

BUT, ah! how unsincere are all our joys!
Which, sent from Heaven, like lightning, make no
stay:

Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.

Swelled with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element His dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who as by one He did our nation raise,
So now, He with another pulls us down.

Yet London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire:
Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides
To scourge his country with a lawless sway:
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince, surprised at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then, in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold,
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

So scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail
And makes small outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And every fresh attempt he is repelled
With faint denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enraged desire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where he sate
Above the palace of our slumbering king ;
He sighed, abandoning his charge to fate,
And, drooping, oft looked back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Called up some waking lover to the sight ;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire :
And frightened mothers strike their breasts, too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near ;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street ;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, men jostle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose ;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day :
Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire :
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play ;
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

In vain : for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent ;
The flames impelled soon left their foes behind
And forward, with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lightened all the river with a blaze :
The wakened tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
But feared the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The fire, meantime walks in a broader gross;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from side to side they feed:
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
And a new colony of flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless tide:
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As armies, unopposed, for prey divide.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does haste:
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And slowly eats his way against the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Against th' imperial palace is designed.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whose early care had robbed him of his rest:
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place:
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,
And pious tears, which down his cheeks did shower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
(So much the pity of a king has power.)

He wept the flames of what he loved so well,
And what so well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
(Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;)
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,
And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the succours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast
That where it seizes, all relief is vain:
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames stand gathered on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting fires awhile themselves consume,
But straight like Turks, forced on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind,
And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old woodside,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round:
And o'er broad rivers, on their fiends, they ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more;
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for shipwrecked gold,
And seek the tempest which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade:
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
And, on their backs, the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murdered men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And, while through burning lab'rinth they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's care,
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing;
Ev'n those, whom want might drive to just despair,
Think life a blessing under such a king.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint:
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supplied, and he may want.

'O God', said he, 'Thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
Who me unfriended brought'st by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

'Be Thou my judge, with what unwearied care
I since have laboured for my people's good;
To bind the bruises of a civil war,
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

'Thou, who hast taught me to forgivè the ill,
And recompense, as friends, the good misled:
If mercy be a precept of Thy will,
Return that mercy on Thy servant's head.

'Or, if my heedless youth has stept astray,
Too soon forgetful of Thy gracious hand;
On me alone Thy just displeasure lay,
But take Thy judgments from this mourning land.

'We all have sinned, and Thou hast laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at first we came:
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

'O let it be enough what Thou hast done;
When spotted deaths ran armed through every
street,
With poisoned darts which not the good could shun,
The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

'The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaimed Thy wrath on this forsaken place:
And now those few, who are returned again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

'O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind Thy sentence unconditional:
But in Thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And, in that foresight, this Thy doom recall.

'Thy threatenings, Lord, as Thine Thou may'st
revoke:
But, if immutable and fixed they stand,
Continue still Thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress Thy land.'

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword:
And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were stored.

The blessèd minister his wings displayed,
And like a shooting star he cleft the night;
He charged the flames, and those that disobeyed
He lashed to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive flames, chastised, went forth to prey
On pious structures, by our fathers reared;
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw with watery eyes
Their founder's charity in dust laid low,
And sent to God their ever-answered cries,
(For he protects the poor, who made them so.)

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song,
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

The daring flames peeped in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
But, since it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes;
Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant fire;
It seemed as if the stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feverish north retire.

In th' empyrean Heaven (the bless'd abode,)
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie.
Not daring to behold their angry God:
And an hushed silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touched His melting breast:
He saw the town's one-half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid He takes,
In firmamental waters dipped above;
Of it a broad extinguisher He makes
And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

The vanquished fires withdraw from every place,
Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:
Each household genius shows again his face,
And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrained the
earth,

A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain,
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green fields laugh with promised
grain:

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart, which fear had froze before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view,
That with less grief the perished they deplore.

The father of the people opened wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
And filled the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And, in their minds, so deep did print the sense;
That if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

But so may he live long, that town to sway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquished foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourged the town
In their own plague and fire have breathed their last,
Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high raised Jove from his dark prison freed,
(Those weights took off that on his planet hung,)
Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renewed her charter's date,
Which Heaven will to the death of time allow.

More great than human now, and more August,
New deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come:
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels, like a sweeping train,
And often wind (as of his mistress proud,)
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stained, and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant who designed more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And, while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquered half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

Annus Mirabilis, 1666.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

PROLOGUE

Spoken by MR. HART at the acting of 'The Silent Woman'

WHAT Greece, when learning flourished, only knew
(Athenian judges,) you this day renew.

Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you crowned with olives sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.

A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the best are but by mercy free:

A day which none but Jonson durst have wished
to see.

Here they who long have known the useful stage
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.

As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;

In your Lyceum first themselves refined,
And delegated thence to human kind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come;
So poets who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate writer, emperic-like, applies
To minds diseased, unsafe, chance remedies:
The learned in schools, where knowledge first
began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearnèd pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play,
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from those Praetorian bands,
But knows that right is in this Senate's hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet, his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit.
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by MR. HART

No poor Dutch peasant, winged with all his fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw
near,

Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither from th' infected town;
Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.

A French troop first swept all things in its way;
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay;
Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.

Th' Italian merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauched the stage with lewd grimace:
Instead of wit and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight,
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin.

For love you heard how amorous asses brayed,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.

Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some newborn monster shown you for a play.

But when all failed, to strike the stage quite
dumb,

Those wicked engines, called machines, are come.

Thunder and lightning now for wit are played.

And shortly scenes in Lapland will be layed:

Art magic is for poetry professed,

And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast

To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,

Upon our English stage are worshipped now.

Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown

Macbeth, the Simon Magus of the town.

Fletcher's despised, your Jonson out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are shown,
By you those staple authors' worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their scenes have praised,
We'll boldly back, and say their price is raised.

ACHITOPHEL

(THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY)

OF these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst.
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay:
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son:
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes:
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, fame deserved, no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch and easy of access.
Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

Absalom and Achitophel.

Abbethdin] Chief Justice.

ZIMRI

(THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM)

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
 A man so various, that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long:
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes;
 And both (to show his judgment) in extremes:
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man, with him, was god or devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded, but desert.
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late:
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'r be chief:
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Absalom and Achitophel.

SHADWELL

ALL human things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey:
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was called to empire and had governed long;

In prose and verse was owned, without dispute
Through all the realms of nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state ;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, 'tis resolved ; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me :
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years ;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval ;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day :
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty :
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology :
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way :
And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.

Mac Flecknoe.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

NOVEMBER 22, 1687

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony

 This universal frame began ;

 When Nature underneath a heap

 Of jarring atoms lay,

 And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

 Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry

 In order to their stations leap,

 And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

 This universal frame began :

 From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

 When Jubal struck the corded shell,

 His listening brethren stood around,

 And, wondering, on their faces fell

 To worship that celestial sound :

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

 Within the hollow of that shell,

 That spoke so sweetly, and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

 The trumpet's loud clangour

 Excites us to arms

 With shrill notes of anger

 And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat

 Of the thundering drum

 Cries, Hark ! the foes come ;

Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Grand Chorus

*As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Blest above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST OR THE POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOUR OF CECILIA'S DAY, 1697

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The god-like hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
 (So should desert in arms be crowned:)
 The lovely Thais by his side,
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Chorus

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.
 Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove;
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia pressed:
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then, round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
 world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around:
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

Chorus

*With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
 sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face:

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus ever fair and young
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure;
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Chorus

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he Heaven and Earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

Chorus

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below;

*And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies, with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Chorus

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again;

*At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.*

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound -

Has raised up his head ;

As awaked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

' Revenge, revenge,' Timotheus cries,

' See the Furies arise!

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain:

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods.'

The princes applaud with a furious joy;

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Chorus

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
'Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand Chorus

*At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.*

THE LADY'S SONG

A QUIRE of bright beauties in Spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in
green,
The garland was given, and Phillis was queen;

But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our shore,
The graces are banished, and love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure that warmed our desires
Has broken his bow, and extinguished his fires,
And vows that himself, and his mother, will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the deity swore:
But, if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your
arms;

Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx return.

A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF TOWN IN THE SPRING

ASK not the cause, why sullen Spring.

So long delays her flowers to bear;

Why warbling birds forget to sing,

And winter storms invert the year?

Chloris is gone; and fate provides

To make it Spring, where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;

She cast not back a pitying eye,

But left her lover in despair,

To sigh, to languish, and to die.

Ah, how can those fair eyes endure

To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great God of Love, why hast Thou made

A face that can all hearts command,

That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land ?
Where thou hadst placed such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall ;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love designed
To be the victim for mankind.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

TRANSLATED IN PARAPHRASE

CREATOR spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind ;
From sin, and sorrow set us free ;
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O, source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing !

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy !
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command :
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthy parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control;
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then, lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise, all that we believe:
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal Honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive:
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend performed and won the race
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?

It might (what nature never gives the young)
 Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
 But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
 Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 When poets are by too much force betrayed.
 Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their
 prime,
 Still showed a quickness; and maturing time
 But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of
 rhyme.
 Once more, hail, and farewell! farewell, thou young,
 But ah! too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
 Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED
 PORTRAIT OF MILTON

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF THE 'PARADISE LOST', 1688

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
 The next in majesty, in both the last:
 The force of Nature could no farther go;
 To make a third she joined the former two.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

1634(?)–1691

YE HAPPY SWAINS, WHOSE HEARTS ARE FREE

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
 From Love's imperial chain,
 Take warning, and be taught by me,
 To avoid the enchanting pain.

Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks—
Fierce winds to blossoms prove—
To careless seamen, hidden rocks—
To human quiet, love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize;
The snake's beneath the flower:
Who ever gazed on beauteous eyes,
That tasted quiet more?
How faithless is the lovers' joy!
How constant is their care!
'The kind with falsehood do destroy,
The cruel with despair.

THOMAS FLATMAN

1637-1688

THE SURRENDER

I YIELD, I yield! Divine Althea, see
How prostrate at thy feet I bow,
Fondly in love with my captivity,
So weak am I, so mighty thou!
Not long ago I could defy,
Armed with wine and company,
Beauty's whole artillery:
Quite vanquished now by thy miraculous charms,
Here, fair Althea, take my arms,
For sure he cannot be of human race,
That can resist so bright, so sweet a face.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

1638-1706

SONG

*Written at Sea, in the First Dutch War (1665), the night
before an Engagement*

To all you ladies now at land

We men at sea indite ;

But first would have you understand

How hard it is to write :

The Muses now, and Neptune too,

We must implore to write to you—

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,

And fill our empty brain,

Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind

To wave the azure main,

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,

Roll up and down our ships at sea—

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then if we write not by each post,

Think not we are unkind ;

Nor yet conclude our ships are lost

By Dutchmen or by wind :

Our tears we'll send a speedier way,

The tide shall bring them twice a day—

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The King with wonder and surprise

Will swear the seas grow bold,

Because the tides will higher rise

Than e'er they did of old :

But let him know it is our tears

Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree:
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind?—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find:
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away
 We throw a merry main,
 Or else at serious ombre play;
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow
 And cast our hopes away;
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play:
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care
 For being so remote,

Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy—
We have too much of that at sea—
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

1639-1701

SONG

PHILLIS

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please:
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis, smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find
 Nothing can her fancy fix;
 Yet the moment she is kind
 I forgive her all her tricks,
 Which though I see,
 I can't get free:
 She deceiving,
 I believing,
 What need lovers wish for more?

SONG

To Chloris

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit
 As unconcerned as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No pleasure, nor no pain!
 When I the dawn used to admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought the growing fire
 Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 Like metals in the mine;
 Age from no face took more away
 Than youth concealed in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest,
 Fond love as unperceived did fly,
 And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 And Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favoured you,
 Threw a new flaming dart:

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

SONG

LOVE STILL HAS SOMETHING OF THE SEA

LOVE still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port:
Then straight into the main,
Some angry wind in cruel sport
Their vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which, if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

APHRA BEHN

1640-1689

SONG

Love in fantastic triumph sate
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create
And strange tyrannic power he showed:
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee.
Thus thou and I the god have armed
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free!

SONG

How strongly does my passion flow,
Divided equally 'twixt two ?
Damon had ne'er subdued my heart,
Had not Alexis took his part ;
Nor could Alexis powerful prove,
Without my Damon's aid, to gain my love.

When my Alexis present is,
Then I for Damon sigh and mourn ;
But when Alexis I do miss,
Damon gains nothing but my scorn.
But if it chance they both are by,
For both alike I languish, sigh, and die.

Curse then, thou mighty wingéd god,
This restless fever in my blood ;
One golden-pointed dart take back :
But which, O Cupid, wilt thou take ?
If Damon's, all my hopes are crost ;
Or that of my Alexis, I am lost.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

1647-1680

THE BOWL

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor used of old ;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake
Like ships at sea may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek:
With war I've nought to do.
I'm none of those that took Maestrich,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fixed stars or constellations,
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are;
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my care
And then to love again.

CONSTANCY

I CANNOT change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you
For you alone was born.

No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on and die.

When killed with grief Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The signs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall—
 That welcome hour, that ends this smart,
 Will then begin your pain;
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break in vain.

LOVE AND LIFE

ALL my past life is mine no more;
 The flying hours are gone,
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
 How can it then be mine?
 The present moment's all my lot;
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows;
 If I by miracle can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heaven allows.

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
 Whose word no man relies on,
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 Nor ever did a wise one.

THOMAS OTWAY

1652-1685

THE ENCHANTMENT

I DID but look and love awhile,
 'Twas but for one half-hour;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;
 Sighs which do heat impart
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast,
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

O WOMAN! LOVELY WOMAN!

O WOMAN! lovely woman! Nature made thee
 To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
 There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved.

THE BANKRUPT

I PASSED this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying:
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had signed it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale:
There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing. He had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments;
Rich hangings intermixed and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Venice Preserved.

MORNING

WISHED morning's come! And now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the fields his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up,

And, looking towards the neighb'ring pastures,
raise

The voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

The Orphan.

JOHN OLDHAM

1653-1683

A TRANQUIL SOUL

THY soul within such silent pomp did keep,
As if humanity were lulled asleep.
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
Or the soft journey which a planet goes ;
Life seemed all calm as its last breath,
A still tranquillity so hushed thy breast,
As if some halcyon were its guest,
And there had built her nest ;
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest.
As that smooth sea which wears the name of Peace
Still with one even face appears,
And feels no tides to change it from its place,
No waves to alter the fair form it bears ;
As that unspotted sky,
Where Nile does want of rain supply,
Is free from clouds, from storms is ever free.
So thy unvaried mind was always one,
And with such clear serenity still shone,
As caus'd thy little world to seem all temp'rate zone.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

1660(?)–1720

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE

IN such a night, when every louder wind
 Is to its distant cavern safe confined;
 And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
 And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;
 Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
 She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderers right:
 In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
 Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
 When in some river, overhung with green,
 The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
 When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
 And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
 Whence springs the woodbind, and the bramble-
 rose,
 And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
 Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
 Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes:
 When scattered glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
 Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
 Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
 In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright.
 When odours, which declined repelling day,
 Thro' temperate air uninterrupted stray;
 When darkened groves their softest shadows wear
 And falling waters we distinctly hear;
 When through the gloom more venerable shows
 Some ancient fabric, awful in repose,
 While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
 And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
 When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,

Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace, and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear:
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine re-chew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures, while tyrant man does sleep:
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something, too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her
own:

In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

WILLIAM WALSH

1663-1708

THE DESPAIRING LOVER

DISTRACTED with care,
For Phillis the fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;

But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes ;
Where, a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep ;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get ;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set :
And, that he could die
Whenever he would ;
But, that he could live
But as long as he could :
How grievous so ever
The torment might grow,
He scorned to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcerned
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.

RIVALS IN LOVE

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are cursed ;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure, rivals are the worst !

By partners in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow ;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest.
How great soe'er your rigours are
With them alone I'll cope:—
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER

LET the dull merchant curse his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
A slave to wrangling coxcombs for a fee:
Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expose:
I wage no war, I plead no cause but Love's ;
I fear no storms, but what Celinda moves.
And what grave censor can my choice despise ?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
The merchant, after all his hazards past
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last ;
The soldier high in his king's favour stands,
And after having long obeyed, commands ;
The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar ;
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

TO HIS MISTRESS

AGAINST MARRIAGE

YES, all the world must sure agree,
He who's secured of having thee,
Will be entirely blest;

But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confined,
That were for public good designed;
Could we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass away,
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright,
Two souls which passion does unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past?

TO HIS BOOK

Go, little Book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart;
Those who love's dear, deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal stories read their own;
Those who have lived from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, from me;
Perhaps, advised, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warned by my example, shun my fate:
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tossed.

Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
Then peace again. O would it not be best
To chase the fatal passion from our breast?
But since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgement does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What's built upon esteem, can ne'er decay.

MATTHEW PRIOR

1664—1721

SONG

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung, and gazed; I played, and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

A BETTER ANSWER

DEAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled:
Prithee quit this caprice; and, as old Falstaff says,
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.
How canst thou presume, thou hadst leave to de-
stroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keep-
ing?
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.
To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgement at once, and my passion, you
wrong:
You take that, for fact, which will scarce be found
wit;
Ods life! must one swear to the truth of a song?
What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write,
shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse—but I love thee in prose;
And they have my whimsies—but thou hast my
heart.
The god of us verse-men, you known, child, the
sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
At morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.
So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

Five Years Old, 1704. The Author then Forty

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band
 That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
 Were summoned by her high command
 To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
 Lest those bright eyes, that cannot read,
 Should dart their kindling fire, and look
 The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
 Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
 Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,
 And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds
 With all the tender things I swear;
 Whilst all the house my passion reads,
 In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame;
 For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
 She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
 And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
 The rhymes some younger rival sends,
 She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
 And we shall still continue friends.

or, as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!),
 That I shall be past making love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the
 Grève,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
 Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles, which force had
 put on;
 And the hangman completes what the judge but
 begun;
 Here the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the
 post,
 Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes
 no more crost.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
 are known;
 And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own:
 But my hearers cry out: 'What a deuce dost thou
 ail?

Cast off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
 And for want of false witness, to back a bad cause,
 Norman, though late, was obliged to appear:
 And who to assist, but a brave cordelier?

Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste, that the show should begin

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart;
And often took leave; but was loath to depart.

Derry down, &c.

'What frightens you thus, my good son?' says the priest:

'You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.'

'O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon:
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.'

Derry down, &c.

'Pooh! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest
You have only to die: let the Church do the rest.'

Derry down, &c.

'And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me; as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

'To-morrow!' our hero replied in a fright:

'He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of to-night.'

'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly trussed up,

For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.'

Derry down, &c.

‘Alas!’ quoth the ’squire, howe’er sumptuous the
treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:
should therefore esteem it great favour, and grace;
Would you be so kind, as to go in my place.’
Derry down, &c.

‘That I would,’ quoth the father, ‘and thank you
to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste:
For this night, by our order, is marked for a fast.’
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said;
Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold, for which other men die.’
Derry down, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667–1745

THE FABLE OF MIDAS

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turned everything he touched to gold:
He chipped his bread; the pieces round
Glittered, like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He called for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup.
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He sucked his victuals through a quill:

Untouched it passed between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold finders.
He cocked his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorned his head.
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coined appeared, instead
Of paltry provinder and bread:
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.

This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit:
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide;
He against Phoebus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit to shew his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.

And now the virtue of his hands,
Was lost among Pactolus sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far, to gather golden gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.

This tale inclines the gentle reader,
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom, from Midas down, descends.
That virtue in the fingers' ends:

What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas choose,
Subject or patron of his Muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phoebus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone, rich misers call,
And there's the jest, for Pan is *ALL*:
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.

Besides, it plainly now appears,
Our Midas too has asses' ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass,
Through any ears but of an ass.

But gold defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hands so much:
And scholars give it for the cause,
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They washed away the chemic power.

While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this pop'lar tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent, merciless, imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;

By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do 'em, that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

MRS. FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION

· TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF FRANCES HARRIS,
WHO MUST STARVE, AND DIE A MAID, IF IT MISCARRIES

Humbly sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's
chamber because I was cold,

And I had in a purse seven pound, four shilling and
sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold;

So, because I had been buying things for my lady
last night,

I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was
right:

Now you must know, because my trunk has a very
bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows,
is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next
my smock.

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would
have it, my smock was unript,

And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it
slipt:

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my
lady to bed,

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe
as my maidenhead.

when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light,

but when I searched, and missed my purse, Lord!

I thought I should have sunk outright:

'Lord! Madam,' says Mary, 'how d'ye do?' 'Indeed,' says I, 'never worse:

but pray, Mary, can you tell what I've done with my purse!'

'Lord help me!' said Mary, 'I never stirred out of this place':

'Nay,' said I, 'I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case':

so Mary got me to bed, and covered me up warm; however she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm:

so I tumbled and tossed all night, as you may very well think,

but hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

so I was a-dreamed, methought, that we went and searched the folks round,

and in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's box, tied in a rag, the money was found.

so next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a-swearing;

then my Dame Wadger came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing:

'Dame,' said I, as loud as I could bawl, 'do you know what a loss I have had?'

'Nay,' said she, 'my Lord Collway's folks are all very sad;

for my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail';

'Pugh!' said I, 'but that's not the business that I ail.'

Says Cary, says he, 'I've been a servant this five-
and-twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I lived, I never heard of such
a thing.'

'Yes,' says the steward, 'I remember, when I was
at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happened, just about the time
of gooseberries.'

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
full of grief;

(Now you must know, of all things in the world I
hate a thief.)

However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slyly
about;

'Mrs. Dukes,' said I, 'here's an ugly accident has
happened out:

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a
louse;

But the thing I stand upon is, the credit of the
house:

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence
makes a great hole in my wages;

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in
these ages.

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and everybody under-
stands,

That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
without hands.'

'The devil take me,' said she (blessing herself,) 'if
ever I saw 't!'

So she roared like a Bedlam, as though I had called
her all to naught:

So you know, what could I say to her any more;
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before

Well: but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man;

No,' said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be here anon.'

So the chaplain came in: Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part;

So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blundered,

Parson,' said I, 'can you cast a nativity, when a body's plundered?'

Now you must know, he hates to be called *parson*, like the devil.)

Truly,' says he, 'Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says, d'ye see,

You are no text for my handling, so take that from me:

I was never taken for a conjuror before, I'd have you to know.'

Lord!' said I, 'don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so:

You know, I honour the cloth, I design to be a parson's wife,

I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life.'

With that, he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me!' and so went away.

Vell, I thought I should have swooned, 'Lord!' said I, 'what shall I do?

I have lost my money, and shall lose my true-love too!’

Then my lord called me: ‘Harry,’ said my lord,
‘don’t cry,

I’ll give something towards thy loss’; and, says my lady, ‘so will I.’

‘Oh! but,’ said I, ‘what if after all my chaplain won’t come to?’

For that, he said, (an ’t please your Excellencies,) I must petition you.

The premises tenderly considered, I desire your Excellencies’ protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday’s collection:

And over and above, that I may have your Excellencies’ letter,

With an order for the chaplain aforesaid; or instead of him, a better:

And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for ’tis his trade) as in duty bound,
shall ever pray.

STELLA’S BIRTHDAY 1720

ALL travellers at first incline

Where’er they see the fairest sign;

And, if they find the chambers neat,

And like the liquor and the meat,

Will call again, and recommend

The Angel Inn to every friend.

What though the painting grows decayed,

The house will never lose its trade:

Nay, though the treacherous tapster, Thomas,

Hangs a new angel two doors from us,

As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact;
An angel's face, a little cracked;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or stop and light at Chloe's Head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:

And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrowed trace
On every feature of her face;
That you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at four score.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME

To a friend who married a shrew

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He marked the conjugal dispute;
Nell roared incessant, Dick sat mute:
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cried bravely, 'Patience, good my dear!'
At sight of Will, she bawled no more,
But hurried out, and clapt the door.

'Why Dick! the Devil's in thy Nell,'
(Quoth Will) 'Thy house is worse than Hell:
Why, what a peal the jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.'
'Dear Will, I suffer this for peace;
I never quarrel with my wife:
I bear it for a quiet life.

Scripture you know exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it.*'

Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour.
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Received a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
'Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks;
Z—ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco;
I'd send her far enough away——'
'Dear Will, but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame.'

Dick suffered for his peace and credit;
But who believed him when he said it?
Can he, who makes himself a slave;
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She served him at the usual rate;
She stunned, and then she broke his pate.
And what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeered him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least,
Called him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pestered by the boys.

Within, his wife would break his bones ;
Without, they pelted him with stones ;
The 'prentices procured a riding,
To act his patience and her chiding.

False patience, and mistaken pride !
There are ten thousand Dicks beside ;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are used like Dick, and bear the blame.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST

WHEN beasts could speak, (the learned say
They still can do so every day)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.

It happened, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins ;
And, thus the pious Wolf begins :

'Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame :
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was ! I broke my fast :
But, I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong ;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.'

The Ass approaching next, confessed,
That in his heart he loved a jest :
A wag he was, he needs must own,

And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the most that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the king:
Then, for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allowed,
His shape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found;
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter:
Much of the censuring world complained,
Who said, his gravity was feigned;
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was grieved to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age

Might well excuse a stoic's rage.

The Goat advanced with decent pace;
And, first excused his youthful face;
Forgiveness begged that he appeared
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true he was not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But, through a pious resolution;
For, he had made a holy vow
Of Chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolved to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find
How just it suits with human-kind.
Some faults we own; but, can you guess?
—Why, virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
He never squeezed a needy client:
And, this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,

Above a term or two at most.

The cringing knave who seeks a place
Without success; thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He failed, because he could not flatter:
He had not learned to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He passed his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly-wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
But owned, he had a stubborn spirit
That made him trust alone in merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confessed a sin, and God forgive him:
Called up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But, see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence
That moves his patients to repentance:
And when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food.
At which, however well intended,

He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before, and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops;
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practised to their shame.

The Statesman tells you with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies;
'Twas he defeated the Excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion;
That, standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot:
His enemies, for want of charity,

Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to Court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the Court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother:
Through modesty, or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest men he could,
Without respect to friends, or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to choose.

The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away!
And well he might; for to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost;
He heard, there was a club of cheats,
Who had contrived a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,

And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
 No wonder how his fortune sunk,
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact;
 Besides, the tale is false in fact;
 And so absurd, that could I raise up
 From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop;
 I would accuse him to his face
 For libelling the fourfoot race.
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers;
 While we, when reason ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day:
 The Ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray, or Cupid;
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
 There to be stroked and fed with pap,
 As Æsop would the world persuade;
 He better understands his trade:
 Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles;
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles;
 Our author's meaning, I presume, is
 A creature *bipes et implumis*;
 Wherein the moralist designed
 A compliment on human-kind:
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may degenerate into men.

ON CENSURE

Written in the Year 1727

YE wise, instruct me to endure
 An evil, which admits no cure:
 Or, how this evil can be borne,
 Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.

Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court,
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas; they would not do you wrong;
But, all appearances are strong!

Yet, whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For, let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache:
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor, will you find your fortune sink,
By what they speak, or what they think.
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

1670–1729

A HUE AND CRY AFTER FAIR AMORET
FAIR Amoret is gone astray—

Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

Coquette and coy at once her air,
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected :
Careless she is, with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them,
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes ;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

FALSE THOUGH SHE BE
FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.
In hours of bliss we oft have met :
They could not always last ;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

SONG

A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR

I

A SOLDIER and a sailor,
A tinker, and a tailor,
Had once a doubtful strife, sir,
To make a maid a wife, sir,
Whose name was buxom Joan.

For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended,
To lick her lips at men, sir!
And gnaw the sheets in vain, sir,
And lie o' nights alone.

II

The soldier swore like thunder,
He loved her more than plunder;
And showed her many a scar, sir,
That he had brought from far, sir,
With fighting for her sake.
The tailor thought to please her,
With offering her his measure.
The tinker too with metal,
Said he could mend her kettle,
And stop up every leak.

III

But while these three were prating,
The sailor sily waiting,
Thought if it come about, sir,
That they should all fall out, sir:
He then might play his part.
And just e'en as he meant, sir,
To loggerheads they went, sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A shot 'twixt wind and water,
That won this fair maid's heart.

Love for Love, III. iv.

MUSIC

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,

And, as with living souls, have been informed,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees, or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs. . . .
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus—Is it of force?
Is there necessity I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of Heaven
That I should be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it thus contrived? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?

The Mourning Bride, I. i.

THE AISLE OF A TEMPLE

'Tis dreadful!

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

The Mourning Bride, II. i.

AMBROSE PHILIPS (Namby Pamby)

1671-1749

WIT AND WISDOM

In search of wisdom, far from wit I fly;
 Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
 In whose bewitching arms our early time
 We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime.
 But when reflection comes with riper years,
 And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
 We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
 And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

FRAGMENT FROM *SAPPHO*

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
 And raised such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gazed, in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY IN HER
MOTHER'S ARMS

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest:—
This thy present happy lot,
This in time will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture once resembled thee.

TO MISS MARGARET PULTENEY

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,
 All caressing, none beguiling,
 Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
 Every charm to nature owing,
 This and that new thing admiring,
 Much of this and that enquiring,
 Knowledge by degrees attaining,
 Day by day some virtue gaining,
 Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
 Beardless poets, fondly rhyming
 (Fescu'd now, perhaps, in spelling),
 On thy riper beauties dwelling,
 Shall accuse each killing feature
 Of the cruel, charming creature,
 Whom I knew complying, willing,
 Tender, and averse to killing.

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672-1719

COWLEY

GREAT Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
 'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
 His turns too closely on the reader press:
 The more had pleased us, had he pleased us less.
 One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
 As in the milky-way a shining white
 'er-flows the heavens with one continued light;
 That not a single star can shew his rays,
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
 ardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
 h' unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame;

Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a laboured strain
And forced expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleased in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
nobler flight.

HYMNS

(1) TRUST IN GOD

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

(2) PROVIDENCE

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man;

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

(3) THE CONFIRMATION OF FAITH

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For every singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

(4) THANKSGIVING AFTER TRAVEL

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

ISAAC WATTS

1674-1748

A CRADLE SONG

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment:
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessèd babe! what glorious features—
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursèd sinners could afford

To receive the heavenly stranger ?
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child: I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard ;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought Him, there they found Him
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing ;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled !
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed :
Peace, my darling ; here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise !

HYMNS

(1)

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honour to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

(2)

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

WHEN the fierce North-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down;

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder
(If things eternal may be like these earthly),
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,
Sees the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them

thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
and the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
sooty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre!

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
soleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus,
Now He sits God-like! and the saints around Him
Throned, yet adoring!

May I sit there when He comes triumphant,
ooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

JOHN PHILIPS

1676-1709

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
in silken, or in leathern purse retains
Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
how oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
but with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
to Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall repairs:
there, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton eye
transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Dido, or Phillis, he each circling glass
watches her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,

Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
Smokes Combro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale), when he
O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or, at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews

shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
horrible he seems! His faded brow
trench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
and spreading band, admired by modern saints,
disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
long scrolls of paper solemnly, he waves,
with characters, and figures dire inscribed,
grievous to mortal eyes; (ye Gods avert
such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him
stalks

another monster, not unlike himself
fallen of aspect, by the vulgar called
catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
with force incredible, and magic charms
first have endued: if he his ample palm
should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
debtor, straight his body, to the touch
obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont),
to some enchanted castle is conveyed,
where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
of endurance strict detain him till in form
of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors; when ye walk beware,
be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
his caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
he perdues in a nook, or gloomy cave,
prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
with his unhallowed touch. So (poets sing)
the malkin to domestic vermin sworn
an everlasting foe, with watchful eye
sits nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
attending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
in ruin: so her disembowelled web

Arachne in a hall, or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: She secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenomed jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile, I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parchèd throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,

vain; awake I find the settled thirst
ill gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred;
nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
create, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
nor medlar-fruit, delicious in decay:
afflictions great! Yet greater still remain:
my galligaskins, that have long withstood
the winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
my time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
in horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Zephyrus and Auster, and the dreadful force
of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
multitudinous enter with dire chilling blasts,
portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
long sailed secure, or through th' Aegean deep,
or the Ionian, till cruising near
the Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
on Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks)
she strikes rebounding, whence the shattered oak,
no longer able to withstand,
admits the sea; in at the gaping side
the crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
the mariners, death in their eyes appears.
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray: (vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
unplacable, till, deluged by the foam,
the ship sinks floundering in the vast abyss.

THOMAS PARNELL

1679-1718

FROM 'A NIGHT PIECE ON DEATH'

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee they life possessed
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'
Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state),
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! While I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die.'

SONG

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs
All bright as an angel new dropped from the sky,
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears:
So strangely you dazzle my eye!
But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.
There's a passion and pride
In our sex (she replied),
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Till an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

THE HERMIT

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well :
Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;

His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
When near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried;
And hail, my son,' the reverend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
Here by the moon through ranks of trees they
pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Till made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Which luscious wine a golden goblet graced,

Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling
heart,

And much he wished, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)

Now creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
The frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
Each hardly granted, served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit viewed
A one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lack the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
Fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
Wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
Was there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Contesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:

The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair bestowed, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

‘Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.’
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed.
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

How looked our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way:
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravished as he spoke.

'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky,
Say, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

'Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

'The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
His sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,

Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,

Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 'But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 And that false servant sped in safety back!
 This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail!
 'Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'
 On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
 Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
 The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
 The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
 'Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!'
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And passed a life of piety and peace.

EDWARD YOUNG

1683-1765

FROM 'NIGHT THOUGHTS'

i. INTRODUCTION

SLEPT Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear!
 From short, (as usual) and disturbed repose,
 Awake: how happy they who wake no more!
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 Awake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Unmultuous; where my wrecked, desponding
 thought

From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost;
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change; severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress! and night
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

Silence, and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason; and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man!)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine:
But what are ye? Thou, who didst put to flight
Primaeval silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted, o'er the rising ball;
O thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark; the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure;
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature, and of woe,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer: O teach my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,

and from each scene, the noblest truths inspire:
nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
teach my best reason, reason; my best will
teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.
nor let the vial of thy vengeance poured
in this devoted head, be poured in vain.

The bell strikes one: we take no note of time,
not from its loss. To give it then a tongue
as wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
we feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
it is the knell of my departed hours:

Where are they? With the years beyond the flood:
it is the signal that demands dispatch;

How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;

dread Eternity! how surely mine!

And can Eternity belong to me,
poor pensioner on the mercies of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
how complicate, how wonderful is man!

How passing wonder He, who made him such!

Who centred in our make such strange extremes!

From different natures, marvellously mixed,

Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!

Distinguished link in being's endless chain!

Midway from nothing to the Deity!

Beam ethereal sullied, and absorbed!

Enough sullied, and dishonoured, still divine!

Thou miniature of greatness absolute!

Thou heir of glory! a frail child of dust!

Helpless immortal! insect infinite!

Worm! A god! I tremble at myself,

And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, amazed,
And wondering at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread:
What, though my soul fantastic measures trod,
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled
pool;

Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall:
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Even silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs
around,

In infidel distress? are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye

Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead:
This is the desert, this the solitude;
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades:
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

ii. PROCRASTINATION

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life:
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live'.
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;
Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more:

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

iii. NIGHT

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow and by whose aid I sing?
Immortal silence! Where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?

O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,

inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
 and like a sable curtain starred with gold,
 drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene.

THOMAS TICKELL

1686–1740

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH
OF MR. ADDISON

How dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
 and left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 and judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!

How comes the verse, that real woe inspires:

Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
 my soul's best part for ever to the grave!

How silent did his old companions tread,
 by midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 through rows of warriors, and through walks of
 kings!

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
 the pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
 the duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
 and the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!

While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 except these tears, thou dear departed friend,
 now gone for ever, take this long adieu;

and sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;

Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed; or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bower of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A wingèd Virtue through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell?
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?

h, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
o me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
Then rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
Then pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
A silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a fray and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
All bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form (which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me)
A nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
Business calls, or crowded courts invite,
An unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
In the stage I seek to soothe my care,
To meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
Pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
Was there of Just and Good he reasoned strong,
Heard some great truth, or raised some serious
song;
Where patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
Where taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures
In grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Thy, once so loved, whene'er the bower appears,
Ever my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy agéd trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!

His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more,
No more the summer in the glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frowned,
Some refuge in the muse's art I found:
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinished song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage conveyed,
Great, but ill-omened monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
Farewell! whom joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warned, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapped his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

‘Then bear my corpse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.’
She spoke; she died; her corpse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin’s thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedewed his brow,
He shook, he groaned, he fell.

From the vain bride, (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretched before her rival’s corpse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy’s new-made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind,
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green;
But, swain forsworn, whoe’er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin’s dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

ALLAN RAMSAY

1686-1758

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 Sae bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding out the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wantoned in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth;
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fan'
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 Her sweets she did impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smiled:
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguiled;—
 I wished her for my bride.

Oh! had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;

I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING

AN thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
AN thou were my ain thing
How dearly I would love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upon thy mow
And gar the gods envý me.

Sae lang 's I had the use of light
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I loved thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddess o'er the green.
Were I a king thou should be queen—
Nane but myself aboon thee.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy on the vine
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Formed handy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay;
Since love admits of no delay,
O let na scorn undo thee.

mow] mouth.

While love does at his altar stand
Hae, here's my heart, gie me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him who loves thee.

An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly I would love thee.

PEGGY

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best;
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

JOHN GAY

1685-1732

THE BALLAD MONGER

THEN sad he sung *the Children in the Wood*.
 Ah barbarous uncle, stained with infant blood!
 How blackberries they plucked in deserts wild,
 And fearless at the glittering fauchion smiled;
 Their little corps the robin redbreasts found,
 And strowed with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom *Joan* he sung the doubtful strife,
 How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he raised his voice, to tell
 What woful wars in *Chervy-chace* befell,
 When *Piercy* drove the deer with hound and horn,
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
 Ah *With'rington*, more years thy life had crowned,
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!

wale] choice.

et shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps
 y future bards be wailed in doleful dumps.
All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
 ow to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants;
 ow the grave brother stood on bank so green.
 appy for him if mares had never been!
 Then he was seized with a religious qualm,
 nd on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm. . . .
 ong silken laces hang upon the twine,
 nd rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
 ow the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissors
 spies,
 nd looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
 f lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
 here silver spoons are won and rings of gold.
 he lads and lasses trudge the street along,
 nd all the fair is crowded in his song.
 e mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 is pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
 ow o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
 nd on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his parti-coloured jacket
 esses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Raree-shows he sung, and *Punch's* feats,
 pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats.

The Shepherd's Week.

FABLE XXI

THE RAT-CATCHER AND CATS

THE rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
 They undermined whole sides of bacon,
 Her cheese was sapped, her tarts were taken,

Her pasties, fenced with thickest paste,
Were all demolished and laid waste.
She cursed the cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.

An engineer, of noted skill,
Engaged to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways,
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious cat, from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace,
She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone,
So, secretly removes his baits,
And every stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poisoned toils,
And puss again the labour foils.

What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines?
Incensed, he cries: this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power.

So said. A ponderous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor puss was caught.

Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made
A victim to our loss of trade.

The captive cat with piteous mews
For pardon, life and freedom sues.
A sister of the science spare,
One int'rest is our common care.

What insolence! the man replied,
Shall cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguished, or expelled the land,

We rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!

A cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and saved her sister's life.

In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
Squire stigmatizes squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own.
But let us limit our desires,
Not war like beauties, kings and squires,
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you.

FABLE XLII

THE JUGGLERS

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had raised his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinced of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.

Is this, then, he so famed for sleight,
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight,
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provoked, the Juggler cried, 'tis done.
In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he played;
By turns, this here, that there, conveyed:
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turned to birds;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there,
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his ivory eggs are told,
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amazed spectators hum applause.

Vice now stepped forth and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes:
Each eager eye the sight desired,
And every man himself admired.

Next, to a senator addressing;
See this bank-note; observe the blessing:
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke,
The padlock vanished, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles ranged upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stored,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief exposed;
At once his ready fingers closed;
He opes his fist, the treasure 's fled,
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows:
Blow here; and a church-warden blows,
'Tis vanished with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake addressed;
This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,
His hand exposed a box of pills;
And a loud laugh proclaimed his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity;
And not one thing, you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view.

The juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission owned her art.
Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice hath improved your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long.

FABLE XLVII

THE COURT OF DEATH

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terrors sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train,

Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thundered from the throne.

This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed.

I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal,
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place,
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies,
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due.
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urged his ever-growing force.
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred.
Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay,
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne.

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! But fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest,)
Forgo your claim; no more pretend:
Intemperance is esteemed a friend,
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And, as a courted guest, destroys;
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

FABLE L

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care;
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain:
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,

Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death,
She doubles, to mis-lead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appeared in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend,
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship every burthen's light.

The horse replied, poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord.
Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend;
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow:
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complained,
His sides a load of wool sustained,
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf addressed
To save from death a friend distressed.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas, must part!
How shall we all lament! Adieu.
For see the hounds are just in view.

SONG

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.

‘Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.’

William, who high upon the yard

Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds: my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to far India's coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
'Adieu!' she cries; and waved her lily hand.

BALLAD

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the rolling billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows
That tremble o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.
All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear ;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;
When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied :
Then like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

The What-d'ye-call-it ?

SONG

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty ;
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower, despised in decay.
Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing ;
Life never knows the return of Spring.

The Beggar's Opera.

LOVE IN HER EYES SITS PLAYING

Love in her eyes sits playing,
 And sheds delicious death;
 Love in her lips is straying,
 And warbling in her breath;
 Love on her breast sits panting,
 And swells with soft desire:
 Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
 To set the heart on fire.

Acis and Galatea.

SONG

O RUDDIER than the cherry!
 O sweeter than the berry!
 O nymph more bright
 Than moonshine night,
 Like kidlings blithe and merry!
 Ripe as the melting cluster!
 No lily has such lustre;
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging flame,
 And fierce as storms that bluster!

Acis and Galatea.

ALEXANDER POPE

1688-1744

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
 Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—MARTIAL.

CANTO I

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
 This, even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the
ground,

And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head;
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau,
(That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say.

'Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
flowers;

Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed:
What though no credit doubting wits may give!
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

‘Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

'Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
face,
For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, "Your Grace" salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

'Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

‘Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!’

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long,

Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
’Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner
read,

But all the vision vanished from thy head.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar’s side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India’s glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her
shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun.
‘Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,

Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

‘ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

‘ This day, black omens threat the brightest fair,
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

‘ To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of
 whale;

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

‘Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin’s eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!’

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb’ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain’s statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphae at home;

Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower
The expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-coloured troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest, his many-coloured robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'er-
threw,

And mowed down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his diamonds pours apace;
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of
hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An ace of hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive
queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cried) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should
 feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
noons,

Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen.
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out;
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids turned bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe passed the gnome through this fantastic
band,

A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the power: 'Hail, wayward
Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to
day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and
cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'Wretched maid!' re-
plied)
'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!'

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—'My Lord, why, what the
devil?

Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair'—he spoke, and rapped his box.

'It grieves me much' (replied the Peer again)
'Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said.

'For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.

Oh had I rather un-admired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph too warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But fate and Jove had stopped the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.

‘ Say, why are beauties praised and honoured
most,

The wise man’s passion, and the vain man’s toast ?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels called, and Angel-like adored ?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved
beaux,

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
“ Behold the first in virtue as in face ! ”
Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old-age away ;
Who would not scorn what housewife’s cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey ;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ;
What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still whate’er we lose ?
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.’

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued ;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
‘ To arms, to arms ! ’ the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.

All side in parties, and begin the attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives

way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the
fight :

Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.

'O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown ;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall' (he cried) 'insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found.
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die:
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my step and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good!
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
'Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies
stealed

And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.'
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe!

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful
bier.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avail thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY
OF CATO

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confessed in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to
 bleed?
E'en when proud Caesar midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;

As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast;
 The triumph ceased, tears gushed from every eye;
 The world's great victor passed unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honoured Caesar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approved,
 And show you have the virtue to be moved.
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued:
 Your scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warmed with your own native rage:
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

FROM 'AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM'

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-
 spire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where-e'er you find *the cooling western breeze*,
 In the next line, it *whispers through the trees*:

If crystal streams *with pleasing murmurs creep*,
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with *sleep*:
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
know

What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness
join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent
roar:

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied Lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dullness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
(Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days).
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dullness joins with quality.
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! How the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

FROM 'AN ESSAY ON MAN'

EPISTLE I

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know:

Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To *be*, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

EPISTLE II

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

EPISTLE IV

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
'Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend, my genius, come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of
rhyme,

Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped.
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head ;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
 Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Obligated by hunger, and request of friends:

'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
 I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his Grace,
 I want a patron; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libelled me—'but here's a letter
 Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
 He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!'

If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'

There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends,
 The players and I, are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house reject him, 'Sdeath I'll
 print it,

And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
 Lintot.'

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king)
 His very minister who spied them first,
 Some say his queen, was forced to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous
 things,

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we
 lie?)

The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
 Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurled,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Whoshames a scribbler? break one cobweb through
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Throned on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
 Lost the arched eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?

Still Sappho—*A.* Hold ; for God-sake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall ;
But foes like these—*P.* One flatt'rer's worse
than all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe.'

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye—'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head:'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own ?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
The muse but served to ease some friend, not
wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life,

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self, great Dryden's friends before,
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wished the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answered, I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,

Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a
year;

He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest Satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
chafe!

And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaistered posts, . . . in capitals ?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
I sought no homage from the race that write ;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight :
Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George ! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings passed my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side :
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill ;

Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguished race,
Who first his judgment asked, and then a place:
Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat,
And flattered every day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with
praise,

To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
And others, harder still, he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose
quill!

May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a stateman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:

Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I asked what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or, to be grave,
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
'No, such a genius never can lie still;'
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name.
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:

Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of
silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same,
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song:
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;

If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymed for
Moore.

Full ten years slandered, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please a mistress one aspersed his life:
He lashed him not, but let her be his wife;
Let Budgel charge low Grub Street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought. . . :
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood, part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause,
Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own,

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend.
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to heaven.

FROM 'THE EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS'

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And, though no soldier, useful to the State.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;

Or virtue, or religion turn to sport;
To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden! In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains),
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
'The rights a court attacked, a poet saved.'
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:

The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow, and opened every soul:
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.

But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or feared it, took th' alarm,
Appealed to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learned to please, and not to wound:
Most warped to flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's
charms;

Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse remained, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Showed us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:

But Otway failed to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

FROM 'THE DUNCIAD'

O MUSE! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none),
Relate, who first, who last resigned to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
'Till drowned was sense, and shame, and right, and
wrong—
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night Primaeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heaped o'er her head.
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense.
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine:
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood!
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill:
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise;
 All nature's incense rise!

JOHN BYROM

1692-1763

THE NIMMERS

Two foot-companions once in deep discourse—
 'Tom,' says the one, 'Let's go and steal a horse.'
 'Steal!' says the other, in a huge surprise,
 'He that says I'm a thief, I say he lies.'
 'Well, well,' replied his friend, 'No such affront;
 I did but ask ye: if you won't, you won't.'
 So they jogged on, till, in another strain,
 The querist moved to honest Tom again.
 'Suppose,' says he; 'for supposition's sake—
 'Tis but a supposition that I make!—
 Suppose that we should filch a horse, I say?'
 'Filch? filch?' quoth Tom, demurring by the way;
 'That's not so bad as downright theft, I own;
 But—yet—methinks—'twere better let alone.
 It soundeth something pitiful, and low;
 Shall we go filch a horse, you say? why, no;
 I'll filch no filching; and I'll tell no lie;
 Honesty's the best policy, say I!'

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
 His comrade paused; at last, says he, 'Come, come!'

Thou art an honest fellow, I agree—
Honest and poor; alas! that should not be,
And dry into the bargain, and no drink!
Shall we go nim a horse, Tom?—What dost think?’

How clear are things when liquor’s in the case!
Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace:
‘Nim? Yes, yes, yes, let’s nim with all my heart;
I see no harm in nimming, for my part.
Hard is the case, now I look sharp into’t,
That honesty should trudge i’ th’ dirt afoot;
So many empty horses round about,
That honesty should wear its bottoms out!
Besides, shall honesty be choked with thirst?
Were it my Lord Mayor’s horse, I’d nim it first!
And, by the by, my lad, no scrubby tit!
There is the best that ever wore a bit
Not far from hence.’ ‘I take ye,’ quoth his friend,
‘Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey’s end?’

Good wits will jump; both meant the very steed,
The top o’ th’ country, both for shape and speed.
So to’t they went, and with a halter round
His feathered neck, they nimmed him off the
ground.

And now, good people, we should next relate
Of these adventurers the luckless fate.
Poor Tom!—but here the sequel is to seek,
Not being yet translated from the Greek.
Some say, that Tom would honestly have peached,
But by his blabbing friend was over-reached;
Others insist upon’t that both the elves
Were, in like manner, halter-nimmed themselves.

It matters not:—the Moral is the thing,
For which our purpose, neighbours, was to sing.

If it should hit some few amongst the throng,
Let 'em not lay the fault upon the song!
Fair warning, all: He that has got a cap
Now put it on, or else beware a rap!
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet
Has a long reach with it, *videlicet*:
'*Twixt right and wrong, how many gentle trimmers*
Will neither steal nor filch, but will be plaguy
nimmers.

COLIN AND PHEBE—A PASTORAL

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drowned,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a
pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:

But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their prime!
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phebe was pleased, too, and to my dog said:
'Come hither, poor fellow'; and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, sirrah; and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not
Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I
seen?
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and everything made!
But now she has left me, they all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood
through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale, too ;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
And now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile,
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dressed
And made yourselves fine for ; a place in her breast
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phebe return!
While amidst the soft zephyrs, cool breezes, I burn
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings: and 'twould melt
down the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove
But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair ;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair

A JACOBITE TOAST

God bless the King!—I mean the Faith's Defender ;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

CARELESS CONTENT

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me ;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground, as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet ;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food, in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humoured hearts
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts ;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change, of peace or pain
For fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up, nor down,
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about, with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of *ups* and *downs*, of *ins* and *outs*,
Of *they're i' th' wrong*, and *we're i' th' right*,
I shun the rancours, and the routs,
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint,
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best, who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budes by,
I talk thereon just as I think:
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read, or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it, and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair:
I am content, I do not care.

DESIDERIUM

My spirit longeth for Thee,
Within my troubled breast;
Although I be unworthy
Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest,
Unworthy though I be;
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
 But in Thy blessèd love ;
 O ! let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above !

HENRY CAREY

1693 (?)—1743

NAMBY PAMBY :

OR, A PANEGYRIC ON THE NEW VERSIFICATION
 ADDRESSED TO A[MBROSE] P[HILLIPS], ESQ.

‘ Nauty Pauty Jack-a-dandy
 Stole a piece of sugar-candy
 From the Grocer’s shoppy-shop,
 And away did hoppy-hop.’

ALL ye poets of the age,
 All ye witlings of the stage,
 Learn your jingles to reform :
 Crop your numbers, and conform :
 Let your little verses flow
 Gently, sweetly, row by row.
 Let the verse the subject fit,
 Little subject, little wit.
 Namby Pamby is your guide,
 Albion’s joy, Hibernia’s pride.
 Namby Pamby Pilli-pis,
 Rhimy pim’d on missy-miss ;
 Tartaretta Tartaree,
 From the navel to the knee :
 That her father’s gracy-grace
 Might give him a placy-place.
 He no longer writes of mammy
 Andromache and her lammy,

Hanging panging at the bréast
Of a matron most distrest.
Now the venal poet sings
Baby clouts, and baby things,
Baby dolls and baby houses,
Little misses, little spouses;
Little playthings, little toys,
Little girls, and little boys.
As an actor does his part,
So the nurses get by heart
Namby Pamby's little rhymes,
Little jingle, little chimes.
Namby Pamby ne'er will die
While the nurse sings lullaby.
Namby Pamby's doubly mild,
Once a man, and twice a child;
To his hanging-sleeves restored,
Now he foots it like a lord;
Now he pumps his little wits,
All by little tiny bits.
Now methinks I hear him say,
Boys and girls, come out to play,
Moon does shine as bright as day.
Now my Namby Pamby's found
Sitting on the Friar's ground,
Picking silver, picking gold,
Namby Pamby's never old.
Bally-cally they begin,
Namby Pamby still keeps in.
Namby Pamby is no clown,
London Bridge is broken down:
Now he courts the gay ladee,
Dancing o'er the Lady-lee:
Now he sings of lick-spit liar

Burning in the brimstone fire ;
Liar, liar, lick-spit, lick,
Turn about the candle-stick.
Now he sings of Jacky Horner
Sitting in the chimney corner,
Eating of a Christmas pie,
Putting in his thumb, oh, fie!
Putting in, oh, fie! his thumb,
Pulling out, oh, strange! a plum.
Now he acts the Grenadier,
Calling for a pot of beer.
Where's his money? he's forgot,
Get him gone, a drunken sot.
Now on cock-horse does he ride ;
And anon on timber stride,
See-and-saw and Sacch'ry down,
London is a gallant town.
Now he gathers riches in
Thicker, faster, pin by pin.
Pins apiece to see his show,
Boys and girls flock row by row ;
From their clothes the pins they take,
Risk a whipping for his sake ;
From their frocks the pins they pull,
To fill Namby's cushion full.
So much wit at such an age,
Does a genius great presage.
Second childhood gone and past,
Should he prove a man at last,
What must second manhood be,
In a child so bright as he!
Guard him, ye poetic powers,
Watch his minutes, watch his hours :
Let your tuneful Nine inspire him,

Let poetic fury fire him:
Let the poets one and all
To his genius victims fall.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;

For then I'm dressed all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally;
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not in our alley!

WILLIAM OLDYS

1696-1761

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly!

Drink with me and drink as I:

Freely welcome to my cup,

Couldst thou sip and sip it up:

Make the most of life you may,

Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine

Hastening quick to their decline:

Thine's a summer, mine's no more,

Though repeated to threescore.

Threescore summers, when they're gone,

Will appear as short as one!

JOHN DYER

1698 (?)—1758

GRONGAR HILL

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!

Who, the purple evening, lie

On the mountain's lonely van,

Beyond the noise of busy man;

Painting fair the form of things,

While the yellow linnet sings;

Or the tuneful nightingale

Charms the forest with her tale;

Come with all thy various hues,

Come, and aid thy sister muse;

Now, while Phoebus riding high

Gives lustre to the land and sky!

Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landskip bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly-musing quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft, I have the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
And strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
'Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landskip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;

And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me, trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps.—
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,

Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds:
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have,
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Aethiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,

Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass:
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren and brown, and rough appear.
Still we tread tired the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joy runs high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky.
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace, with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,

Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain ye search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads, and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side:
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

ROBERT BLAIR

1699-1746

FROM 'THE GRAVE'

(1) PEACE THE END OF THE GOOD MAN

SURE the last end
 Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him! in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceived degrees he wears away;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest.

(2) ALL IMPELLED ONWARD ALIKE

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out

Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers,
In the world's hale and undegenerate days,
Could scarce have leisure for! Fools that we are!
Never to think of death, and of ourselves
At the same time! As if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. Oh! more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread, once lived:
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shivering Iceland, and sunburnt Moor;
Men of all climes who never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abashed
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his galled shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about him,
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
 When tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

ALEXANDER ROSS

1699–1784

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,
 And, oh, as she dighted her cheeks:
 'Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And have neither blankets nor sheets;
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle ado.'

Woo'd and married, and a',
 Married, and woo'd and a'!
 And was she no very weel off,
 That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he cam' in frae the pleugh:
 'Oh, haud your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye'se get gear eneugh;
 The stirk stands i' th' tether,
 And our braw bawsint yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn—
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?'

Out spake the bride's mither:
 'What deil needs a' this pride?

dighted] wiped.

yade] mare.

I hadna a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsey-woolsey,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.'

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye:
'Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.'

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she cam' in frae the byre;
'O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire;
But we poor folk maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I should want
If I could but get a man.'

GEORGE HALKET

? —1756

LOGIE O' BUCHAN

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie, the laird,
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that delved in the yaird;
He played on the pipe and the viol sae sma';
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

plack} copper coin.

He said: 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang
awa';'

He said: 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang
awa';

For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come back and see thee in spite o'
them a'.

O, Sandie has owsen, and siller, and kye,
A house and a haddin, and a' things forbye,
But I wad hae Jamie, wi's bonnet in's hand,
Before I'd hae Sandie wi' houses and land.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;
But daddie and minnie although that they be,
There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

I sit on a creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae sixpence—he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';
Simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

JAMES THOMSON

1700-1748

FROM 'THE SEASONS'

(1) SPRING

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebbd away,

owsen] oxen. haddin] a holding. creepie] cutty-stool.

And whitening down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam—now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the
brooks;

The next, pursue their rocky-channelled maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook,—

Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force,
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces down the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

(2) A STORM IN WINTER

THE keener tempests come: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet.

A HYMN ON THE SEASONS

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade unperceived so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But, wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring,

Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh! talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you
rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to him—
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations! while your angels strike
Amid the spangled sky the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world the vital ocean round!
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and, when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela! charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise!
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear
At solemn pauses through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where he vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

FROM 'THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE' (BOOK I)

I

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy stars, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier kale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,

A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-
browned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

III

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant
green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen ;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

IV

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

V

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;

Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood.
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
heard, to flow.

VI

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expelled from this delicious nest.

RULE BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain—
‘Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.’

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.'

FOR EVER, FORTUNE

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR

1704-1754

THE BRAES OF YARROW

- A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.
- B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
- A. I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
 Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
 Nor let thy heart lament to leive
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
- B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?
- A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
 weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
 And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
 For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,
 Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
 And I hae slain the comliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
 Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholeous weids
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow!

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lu'e?
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'!

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

lu'e] love. bald] bold.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
 In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;
 Though he was fair, and weil beluved again
 Than me he never lu'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and lu'e me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How lu'e him on the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was basely slain my luve,
 My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest—'twas my awn sewing:
 Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenned
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
 steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:
 But ere the to-fall of the night
 He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning:
 But lang ere night the spear was floun,
 That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?

My lover's blood is on thy spear—

How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo
me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud

With cruel and ungentle scoffin',

May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes

My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,

And strive with threatning words to move
me:

My lover's blood is on thy spear—

How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,

With bridal sheets my body cover,

Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door!

Let in the expected husband-lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?

His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon

Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,

O lay his cold head on my pillow!

Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,

And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beluved,

O could my warmth to life restore thee!

Ye'd lie all night between my breasts—

No youth lay ever there before thee!

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lie all night between my breasts,

No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow!
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

DAVID MALLET

1705-1765

WILLIAM AND MARGARET

'TWAS at the silent solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.
 Her face was like an April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand
 That held her sable shroud.
 So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown:
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has reft their crown.
 Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.
 But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consumed her early prime;
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She died before her time.
 'Awake!' she cried, 'thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave:
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refused to save.

' This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

' Bethink thee, William, of the fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath :
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

' Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

' How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

' Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young, witless maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

' That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

' The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

' But hark !—the cock has warned me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud ; the morning smiled,
With beams of rosy red :
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretched him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapped her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

NATHANIEL COTTON

1705-1788

THE FIRESIDE

DEAR Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance ;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here ;
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam :

The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutored right they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise :

We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs ;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :

Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few :
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given ;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part :
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomly vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;

Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

HENRY FIELDING

1707-1754

SONG

A HUNTING WE WILL GO

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn:
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay;
My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day:
But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For, why, I carried, sound and good,
A cartload there last week.
And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch:
But a hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Renard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night:
Then a drinking we will go.

Don Quixote in England, Act II.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709-1784

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE
DRURY LANE THEATRE, 1747

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose:
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impressed,
And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach assailed the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could
praise.

A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shakespeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt, they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend,
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing and their reign was long;
Till Shame regained the post that Sense betrayed,
And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion slept.
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remained, though Nature fled.
But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime, and Song, confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride.
Perhaps for who can guess th' effects of chance?
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that, here by Fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-born bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice,
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sounds, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth, and salutary woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET, A
PRACTISER IN PHYSIC

CONDEMNED to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hov'ring death prepared the blow,
His vig'rous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL, IMITATED

LET Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betrayed by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good:
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice:
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.

Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art:
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the maddened land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord.
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower;
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? Crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth:
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.
Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchained
caprice,
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth, unloved, without a mourner died,
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of favourites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause;
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish
tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe,
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye!
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at every glance on humankind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.
Unnumbered suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies.
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold:
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her favourite's zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full, to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows.
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power:
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,

The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest ;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace
repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be
thine ?

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Burns from the strong contagion of the gown :
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;

Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plundered palace, or sequestered rent,
Marked out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;

For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.

Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths
regret,

From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign:
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain;

'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins, in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay!—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;

Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way.
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more.
Fresh praise is tried, till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
New powers are claimed, new powers are still
bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe.
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
Th' encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded
coast

Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power ;
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway.

Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war:
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

‘Enlarge my life with multitude of days!’

In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus
near;

Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend.
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong;
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,

While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear:
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguished av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains:
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joy with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall
 save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
 slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard, and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend:
The guardians yield, by force superior plied,
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry Pride.
Here beauty falls, betrayed, despised, distressed,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear: nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to
gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

RICHARD GLOVER

1712-1785

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

On the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon. Nov. 22, 1739.

As, near Portobello lying,
 On the gently swelling flood,
 At midnight, with streamers flying,
 Our triumphant navy rode;
 There, while Vernon sat all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat,
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet;
 On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then, each heart with fears confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore;
 And with looks by sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile shore.
 On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave,
 His pale band was seen to muster,
 Rising from their watery grave:
 O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
 Where the *Burford* reared her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail;
 'Heed, oh heed! our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injured ghost;
 You, who now have purchased glory
 At this place where I was lost;

Though in Portobello's ruin
 You now triumph, free from fears,
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joys with tears.

' See these mournful spectres sweeping,
 Ghastly, o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
 These were English captains brave;
 Hark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Those were once my sailors bold,
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
 While his dismal tale is told.

' I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright,
 Nothing then its wealth defended
 But my orders not to fight;
 Oh, that in this rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
 To have quelled the pride of Spain.

' For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done,
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achieved with six alone.
 Then the Bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of these gallant train had been.

' Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemned for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom,

To have fall'n, my country crying
 " He has played an English part ",
Had been better far than dying
 Of a grieved and broken heart.

' Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail;
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

' Hence, with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

' O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam, deprived of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
 You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England shamed in me.'

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

1714-1763

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY

To thee, fair freedom! I retire
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
 Nor art thou found in mansions higher
 Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
 And every health which I begin,
 Converts dull port to bright champagne;
 Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
 Which lackeys else might hope to win;
 It buys, what courts have not in store;
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an inn.

FROM THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS

I

Alas me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think that merit thus neglected lies!
 While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;

Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise!
Lend me thy trumpet, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit e'er it dies:
Such as I oft have chancèd to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

II

In every mart that stands on Britain's Isle,
In every village less revealed to fame,
Dwells there, in cottage known about a mile,
A matron old, whom we *school-mistress* name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore in durance vile y-pent,
Awed by the power of uncontrollèd dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For hair unkempt, or task unconned are sorely
shent.

III

And all in sight does rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe:
For not a wind might curl the leaves, that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

IV

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed:
So does it little birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, and repast:
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast:

Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
Ah! ne'er may Britain's sons, maturer, taste!
Ne superstition clog *their* dance of joy,
Ne phantom empty, vain, their native bliss destroy.

V

Nar to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display:
Als at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sun-shine day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy-throng, and turns her wheel
around.

VI

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hair-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she would wield
Tway birchen sprays; with pallid fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And keen regret, and sharp affliction joined,
And vengeance uncontrolled, and discipline unkind.

VII

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet portrayed,
The childish faces of old Eol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns arrayed,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern power to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious minds to quell,

Nar [Near.

And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were judged the cell
Where lovely peace of mind, and decent order
dwell.

VIII

The gown, which o'er her shoulders thrown she had,
Was russet-stuff, (who knows not russet-stuff?)
Great comfort to her mind that she was clad
In texture of her own, all strong and tough,
Ne did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough;
And, well I trow, her pupils all around,
Through pious awe, did term it fine enough:
For they with gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
ground.

IX

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear:
Goody, good-woman, gossip, dame, forsooth,
Or n'aunt, the sole additions she did hear:
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as did behove,
Who did not honoured eld with these revere;
For title is there none so mean doth prove,
But there is eke a mind which doth that title love.

X

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of this busy dame!
Which, ever and anon, as she had need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And if neglect had lavished on the ground

Fragment of bread, she still did hoard the same:
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound
The chicken-feeding power of every crumb she
found.

XI

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign lord and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate; and some with rank she graced,
The source of children's, and of courtier's pride:
Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there passed,
And warned 'em not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XII

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise:
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise:
And other sorts with baleful spriggs affrays.
Ev'n absent she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways,
Forewarned, if little bird their tricks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XIII

Lo! now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair:
Their books of stature small take they in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are;
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so quaint that on their backs is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare:

On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, displeasing sight, I
ween.

XIV

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister does his perils see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure,
She finds, with his, her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could the dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief, which swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

XV

Nor longer could she now her shrieks command,
Which soon disclosed the place of her retire:
And forth she rushed, and with presumptuous
hand
Arrests the rod; so friendship does inspire!
On *me*, she cries, on *me* convert your ire:
Him spare, for he no greater crime did know,
Than fond compliance with my vain desire—
Whimp'ring she sighs, the tears begin to flow,
And give a loose at last to unavailing woe.

XVI

But ah! what pen his woeful plight can trace,
Or what device his loud laments explain!
The form uncouth of his disguisèd face!
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain!
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain!
When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth ought of sweet reprieve to gain;

Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

XVII

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astonied, ev'rich twig survey,
And from their fellow's uncouth wounds beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share:
'Till fear has taught 'em a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugared cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet.

THOMAS GRAY

1716-1771

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON
COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:
Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;

The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The Ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

griesly] horrible.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to These the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne.
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our Ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

' One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

' The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne.

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn: '

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
 friend.*

*No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

‘RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait!
 Though fanned by Conquest’s crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
 Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
 —Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array:—
 Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 ‘To arms!’ cried Mortimer, and couched his quiver-
 ing lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;)
 And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
 ‘Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
 Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath!
 O’er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
Smeared with gore and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.
“ Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,

From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven! What terrors round him
wait!

Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

“Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!

No pitying heart, no eye, afford

A tear to grace his obsequies.

Is the sable warrior fled?

Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?

—Gone to salute the rising morn.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare;

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:

Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havoc urge their destined course,

And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head!

Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:

The bristled boar in infant-gore

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate

(Weave we the woof; The thread is spun;)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove; The work is done.)”

Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:

In yon bright track that fires the western skies

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height

Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—

All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

‘ Girt with many a baron bold

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line:

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face

Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round her play?

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured
wings.

‘The verse adorn again

Fierce war, and faithful love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.

In buskined measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice as of the cherub-choir

Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think’st thou yon sanguine
cloud

Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of
day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood

And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me: with joy I see

The different doom our fates assign:

Be thine despair and sceptred care;

To triumph and to die are mine.’

—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s
height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,
From Helicon’s harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.

O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach de-
clare:

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of
war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinth creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around:
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,

He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more——
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion

Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A
TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred:
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,

And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters, gold.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN

A FRAGMENT

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-Son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory dressed,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talmalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.
New-born flocks in rustic dance
Frisking ply their feeble feet.
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet.
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy
And, less'ning from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.
Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:

Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past, Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tossed
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, and skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY

IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fixed by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

As, when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy [impart;]
And as their pleasing influence [flows confest,]
A sigh of soft reflection [heave the heart.]

HYMN OF ADVERSITY

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!

Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flattering Foe;
By vain Prosperity received,

To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed

Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,

With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:

Warm Charity, the general friend,

With Justice, to herself severe,

And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:
Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

ODE ON THE SPRING

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.
Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,

Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)

How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dressed:
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ADAM SKIRVING

1719–1803

HEY JOHNNIE COPE

COPE sent a letter frae Dunbar:—

‘Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
And I’ll learn you the art o’ war,
If you’ll meet me i’ the morning.’

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking, I wad wait
To gang to the coals i’ the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
‘Come follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we’ll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning!’
‘Now, Johnnie, be as good’s your word,
Come, let us try both fire and sword;
And dinna rin away like a frightened bird,
That’s chased frae its nest in the morning.’

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
Me thought it wadna be amiss,
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa’ in the morning.

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak’ a din:
It’s best to sleep in a hale skin,
For ’twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They speered at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
 'The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning.'

'Now, Johnnie, troth, ye are na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 Sae early in the morning.'

'I faith,' quo' Johnnie, 'I got a fleg
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
 If I face them again, deil break my legs!
 So I wish you a' gude morning.'

WILLIAM COLLINS

1721-1759

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

blate] bashful. fleg] fright. brede] braid, embroidery.

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car:

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve!

While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

AN ODE

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY

HOME, thou return'st from Thames, whose naiads
long

Have seen thee ling'ring, with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future
day,

Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth,

Whom, long endeared, thou leav'st by Lavant's
side;

Together let us wish him lasting truth,

And joy untainted with his destined bride.

Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast

My short-lived bliss, forget my social name ;
But think far off how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame !
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, whose every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand :
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;
Thou need'st but take the pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe who own thy genial land.

II

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill,
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet
Beneath each birken shade or mead or hill.
There each trim lass that skims the milky store
To the swart tribes their creamy bowl allots ;
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, winged with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly ;
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretched on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutored swain :
Nor thou, though learned, his homelier thoughts
neglect ;
Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain :
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding
strain.

III

Ev'n yet preserved, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father to his list'ning son

Strange lays, whose power had charmed a
Spenser's ear.

At every pause, before thy mind possessed,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-coloured vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crowned:
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strewed with choicest herbs his scented
grave;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When, at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans poured forth their bony swarms,
And hostile brothers met to prove each other's
arms.

IV

'Tis thine to sing, how framing hideous spells
In Sky's lone isle the gifted wizard seer,
Lodged in the wintry cave with ———,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forests dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonished droop,
When o'er the wat'ry strath or quaggy moss .
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their ——— glance some fated youth descry,
Who, now perhaps in lusty vigour seen
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
shiel] hut.

And heartless, oft like moody madness stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

[25 lines lost.]

VI

What though far off, from some dark dell espied
His glimm'ring mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wand'ers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking 'mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprise.

VII

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest indeed!
Whom late bewildered in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks and smoking hamlet then!
To that sad spot —————:
On him enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drowned bank, forbidding all return.
Or, if he meditate his wished escape
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime, the wat'ry surge shall around him rise,
Poured sudden forth from every swelling source.
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless
corse.

VIII

For him, in vain, his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him, in vain, at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
Her travelled limbs in broken slumbers steep,
With dropping willows dressed, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and wat'ry hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shudd'ring cheek
And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
And, shiv'ring cold, these piteous accents speak:
'Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one hapless thought renew,
While I lie welt'ring on the oziered shore,
Drowned by the kelpie's wrath, nor e'er shall aid
thee more!'

IX

Unbounded is thy range; with varied style
Thy muse may, like those feath'ry tribes which
spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring from the hallowed
ground!
Or thither where beneath the show'ry west
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:

kelpie] a malignant water sprite.

Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest.

No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sov'reign power
In pageant robes, and wreathed with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

X

But O! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
tides,
Fair nature's daughter, virtue, yet abides.
Go, just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
With sparing temp'rance, at the needful time,
They drain the sainted spring, or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.
Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI

Nor need'st thou blush, that such false themes
engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possessed;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But filled in elder time th' historic page,

There Shakespeare's self, with every garland
crowned,

In musing hour, his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors dressed the magic scene.

From them he sung, when mid his bold design,
Before the Scot afflicted and aghast,

The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.

Proceed, nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answ'ring bosom pierce;

Proceed, in forceful sounds and colours bold
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre and suit thy powerful verse.

XII

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart

From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,

Th' heroic muse employed her Tasso's art!

How have I trembled, when at Tancred's stroke,

Its gushing blood the gaping cypress poured;

When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,

And the wild blast up-heaved the vanished sword!

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,

To hear his harp, by British Fairfax strung.

Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind

Believed the magic wonders which he sung!

Hence at each sound imagination glows;

Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows;

Melting it flows, pure, num'rous, strong and clear,

And fills th' impassioned heart, and wins th' har-
monious ear.

XIII

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail,
Ye ——— friths and lakes which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan filled, or past'ral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail!
The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom,
Or o'er your stretching heaths by fancy led:

Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's [classic] shade;
Or crop from Tiviot's dale each [lyric flower],
And mourn on Yarrow's banks [where Willy's
laid].

Meantime, ye pow'rs, that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains attend,
Where'er he dwell, on hill, or lowly muir,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touched with love like mine, preserve my
absent friend.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL DRIVER.

SCENE, *the desert*TIME, *mid-day*

IN silent horror o'er the desert-waste
The driver Hassan with his camels passed.
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not a herb was nigh.
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desp'rate sorrow wild th' affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began:

*Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.*

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs, in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day:
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow.
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

*Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.*

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade.
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore.
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart, and wealthy town:
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea,
And are we only yet repayed by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

*Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.*

O cease, my fears! all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

*Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.*

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If ought of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure;
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

*Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.*

O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be most undone!
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful
maid,

When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
'Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain;
'Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise,
'Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
'Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,
'No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'
O let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn.
Go teach my heart, to lose its painful fears,
Recalled by wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and called on heav'n to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

THE PASSIONS, AN ODE FOR MUSIC

WHEN music, heav'nly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind,
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard a-part
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First *Fear* his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.
Next *Anger* rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.
With woful measures wan *Despair*
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
But thou, O *Hope*, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,

And *Hope* enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung,—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And with a with'ring look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes each dreary pause between,
Dejected *Pity* at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, *Jealousy*, to naught were fixed,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted *Love*, now raving called on
Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale *Melancholy* sate retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away.
But O how altered was its sprightlier tone!
When *Cheerfulness*, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to faun and dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen Spear.
Last came *Joy's* ecstatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed,
But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
O *Music*, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, *Wisdom's* aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

DIRGE FOR FIDELE

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.
No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.
No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!
The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid;

With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more.
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON

I

IN yonder grave a druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

II

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love through life the soothing shade.

III

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer-wreaths is dressed,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

VI

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will ev'ry dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

VII

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
—Yet once again, dear parted shade
Meek nature's child again adieu!

X

The genial meads assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say
In yonder grave your druid lies!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe and pleasure's, nursed the pow'rs of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honeyed store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat;
On whose enamelled side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet!

O sister meek of truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their ordered hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band;
But stayed to sing alone
To one distinguished throne,
And turned thy face, and fled her altered land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power.
Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

MARK AKENSIDE

1721-1770

ODE

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O'erlook the falling stream,
O master of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee I will retire
From summer's noontide beam.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The industrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
'For me', she sings, 'the gems are born,
For me their silken robe adorn,
Their fragrant breath diffuse.'

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform,
Nor check thy gladsome toils;
Still may the buds unsullied spring,
Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
To these ambrosial spoils.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
His fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the strains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My Muse delighted plays;
Nor through the desert or the air,
Though swans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition strays.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts,
 Will she her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From superstition's horrid glooms,
 To daylight and to joy.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
 Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with scorn to envy's use
The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
 The nettle's sordid sting.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her blameless wealth;
And when the generous task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE, 1740

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains;
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins. .
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light,
Ripening the mountain's silver stores,
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!

Mustering his storms, a sordid host,—
 Lo, Winter desolates the year.
 The fields resign their latest bloom;
 No more the breezes waft perfume,
 No more the streams in music roll:
 But snows fall dark or rains resound;
 And while great Nature mourns around,
 Her griefs infect the human soul.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead!
 While by the taper's trembling light
 I seem those awful scenes to tread
 Where chiefs or legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye,
 In arms and antique pomp arrayed;
 While now I taste the Ionian song,
 Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
 Resounding through the olive shade.

THE NIGHTINGALE

To-NIGHT retired, the queen of heaven
 With young Endymion stays;
 And now to Hesper it is given
 Awhile to rule the vacant sky,
 Till she shall to her lamp supply
 A stream of brighter rays.
 Propitious send thy golden ray,
 Thou purest light above!
 Let no false flame seduce to stray
 Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm;
 But lead where music's healing charm
 May soothe afflicted love.

To them, by many a grateful s^ong
In happier seasons vowed,
These lawns, Olympia's haunts, belong:
Oft by yon silver stream we walked,
Or fixed, while Philomela talked,
Beneath yon copses stood.

Nor seldom, where the beechen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We came, while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held:
Till, by a clamorous owl compelled,
She fled the solemn shade.

But hark! I hear her liquid tone!
Now Hesper guide my feet!
Down the red marl with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

See the green space: on either hand
Enlarged it spreads around:
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead,
Enclosed in woods profound.

Hark! how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends;
The stars shine out; the forest bends;
The wakeful heifers graze.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequestered spot,

If then the plaintive Siren sing,
O softly tread beneath her bower
And think of Heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

O think, o'er all this mortal stage
What mournful scenes arise:
What ruin waits on kingly rage;
How often virtue dwells with woe;
How many griefs from knowledge flow;
How swiftly pleasure flies!

O sacred bird! let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares,
Till I forget my own.

THE HAND OF NATURE

THE hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
. . . Some within a finer mould
She wrought and tempered with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of Himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of His hand;
In earth, or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portrayed
That uncreated Beauty which delights
The Mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamoured: they partake the eternal joy.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

1721-1771

ODE TO LEVEN WATER

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to Love,
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
 While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
 The springing trout in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, the mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And hedges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
 May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry embrowned with toil;
 And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard!

CHRISTOPHER SMART

1722-1771

FROM 'THE SONG TO DAVID'

O THOU, that sit'st upon a throne,
 With harp of high majestic tone,
 To praise the King of Kings :
 And voice of heaven-ascending swell,
 Which, while its deeper notes excel,
 Clear, as a clarion, rings :

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
 And charm the cherubs to the post
 Of gratitude in throngs ;
 To keep the days on Zion's mount,
 And send the year to his account,
 With dances and with songs :

O Servant of God's holiest charge,
 The minister of praise at large,
 Which thou may'st now receive ;
 From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
 From topmost eminence appear
 To this the wreath I weave.

He sang of God—the mighty source
 Of all things—the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends ;
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise
 Commences, reigns, and ends.

Angels—their ministry and meed,
 Which to and fro with blessings speed,
 Or with their citterns wait ;
 Where Michael with his millions bows,

Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate.

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and Love—the Saint elect
For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause.

The world, the clustering spheres, He made ;
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill ;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where Secrecy remains in bliss,
And Wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root ;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm ;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace or prey ;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
Devouring man to shun :
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task ;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades arouse :
Her cave the mining coney scoops ;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheathe ;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp
Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
And did for audience call ;
When Satan with his hand he quelled,
And in serene suspense he held
The frantic throes of Saul.

His furious foes no more maligned
As he such melody divined,
And sense and soul detained ;
Now striking strong, now soothing soft,
He sent the godly sounds aloft,
Or in delight refrained.

When up to heaven his thoughts he piled,
From fervent lips fair Michal smiled,
As blush to blush she stood ;
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utmost from her heart, 'so brave,
And plays his hymns so good.'

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven ;

His wisdom drew the plan ;
His Word accomplished the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From Christ enthroned to man.

Thou art—to give and to confirm,
For each his talent and his term ;
All flesh thy bounties share :
Thou shalt not call thy brother fool ;
The porches of the Christian school
Are meekness, peace, and prayer.

Open, and naked of offence,
Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense ;
God armed the snail and wilk ;
Be good to him who pulls thy plough ;
Due food and care, due rest, allow
For her that yields thee milk.

Rise up before the hoary head,
And God's benign commandment dread,
Which says thou shalt not die :
'Not as I will, but as thou wilt,'
Prayed He whose conscience knew no guilt ;
With whose blessed pattern vie.

Use all thy passions!—love is thine,
And joy, and jealousy divine ;
Thine hope's eternal fort,
And care thy leisure to disturb,
With fear concupiscence to curb,
And rapture to transport.

Act simply, as occasion asks ;
Put mellow wine in seasoned casks ;
Till not with ass and bull :
Remember thy baptismal bond ;

Keep from commixtures foul and fond,
Nor work thy flax with wool.

Distribute: pay the Lord his tithe,
And make the widow's heart-strings blithe;
Resort with those that weep:
As you from all and each expect,
For all and each thy love direct,
And render as you reap.

The slander and its bearer spurn,
And propagating praise sojourn
To make thy welcome last;
Turn from old Adam to the New;
By hope futurity pursue;
Look upwards to the past.

Control thine eye, salute success,
Honour the wiser, happier bless,
And for thy neighbour feel;
Grudge not of mammon and his leaven,
Work emulation up to heaven
By knowledge and by zeal.

O David, highest in the list
Of worthies, on God's ways insist,
The genuine word repeat:
Vain are the documents of men,
And vain the flourish of the pen
That keeps the fool's conceit.

For Adoration all the ranks
Of Angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst;
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, Thou to Thy feast,
O blessèd Bridegroom, bidd'st!

For Adoration seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,
Adjust, attract, and fill:
The grass the polyanthus checks;
And polished porphyry reflects,
By the descending rill.

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For Adoration; tendrils climb,
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis with her gorgeous vest
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

With vinous syrup cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
For Adoration springs:
All scenes of painting crowd the map
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap
The scalèd infant clings.

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mongst the flowering shrubs,
And lizards feed the moss;
For Adoration beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
No longer roar and toss.

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The weaned adventurer sports;
Where to the palm the jasmin cleaves,
For Adoration 'mongst the leaves
The gale his peace reports.

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault

Th' opposing spirits tilt;
And, by the coasting reader spied,
The silverlings and crusions glide
For Adoration gilt.

For Adoration ripening canes
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff;
Where rain in clasping boughs inclosed,
And vines with oranges disposed,
Embower the social laugh.

Now labour his reward receives,
For Adoration counts his sheaves
To peace, her bounteous prince;
The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince.

The wealthy crops of whitening rice,
'Mongst thyine woods and groves of spice,
For Adoration grow;
And, marshalled in the fencèd land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow.

The laurels with the winter strive;
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth:
For Adoration myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

The pheasant shows his pompous neck;
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence:
The sable, with his glossy pride,

For Adoration is descried,
Where frosts the wave condense.

The cheerful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their trim renew;
The squirrel hoards his nuts:
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
For Adoration shuts.

For Adoration, David's psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;
And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to control,
Finds meat and medicine to the soul,
Which for translation pants.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle dove,
Paired to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
 Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
 Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide the enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
 And far beneath the tide,
And in the seat to faith assigned,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
 Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
 Ranked arms, and crested heads:
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
 And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
 The virgin to her spouse:
Beauteous the temple, decked and filled,
When to the heaven of heavens they build
 Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The shepherd king upon his knees,

glede] kite.

Xiphias] sword-fish.

For his momentous trust ;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite ;
And precious, for extreme delight,
The largess from the churl :
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And alba's blest imperial rays,
And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear ;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God :
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
Bound on the hallowed sod.

More precious that diviner part
Of David, even the Lord's own heart,
Great, beautiful, and new :
In all things where it was intent,
In all extremes, in each event,
Proof—answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career ;
Glorious the assembled fires appear ;
Glorious the comet's train :
Glorious the trumpet and alarm ;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm ;
Glorious the enraptured main ;

Glorious the northern lights astream ;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme ;
Glorious the thunder's roar :
Glorious Hosanna from the den ;

Glorious the catholic Amen ;
Glorious the martyr's gore :
Glorious—more glorious—is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down
By meekness, called Thy Son :
Thou that stupendous truth believed ;—
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
DETERMINED, DARED, and DONE.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE

1723–1780

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam,
An endless exile from his home ;
Pensive he treads the destined way ;
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay ;
'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below ;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu :
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay Queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithsome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honeyed oak rejoice,

And agèd elms with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more,
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn Law
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish Faction rules the day,
And Pride and Av'rice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry and Riot bold,
In frightened streets their orgies hold;
Or, when in silence all is drowned,
Fell Murder walks her lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu!

Shakespeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band,
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;

And points with tott'ring hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat,
Is Justice doomed to fix her seat,
There, fenced by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe,
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens is more admired.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
(Th' united boast of many an age,
Where mixed, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years;) .
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole,

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Thus though my noon of life be past,
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss
 Of innocence, and inward peace;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe;
 Uncursed amid the harpy-tribe;
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
 My honour, and my conscience clear;
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend!

JANE ELLIOT

1727-1805

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I've heard them lilting at the ewe-milking,
 Lassies a' lilting before dawn of day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
 At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
 scorning,
 Lassies are lonely and dowie and wae;
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.
 In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are
 jeering,
 Bandsters are runkled, and lyart, or grey;
 lilting] singing. ilka] every. loaning] field-tract.
 wede away] weeded out. bughts] sheepfolds. dowie]
 low-spirited. daffing] playing the fool. gabbing]
 prattling. leglin] milk-pail. shearing] reaping.
 bandsters] binders. runkled] wrinkled. lyart] grizzled.

At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming
'Bout stacks with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
Border!

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the fore-
most,

The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.
We'll hear nae mair liting at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728–1774

THE TRAVELLER

OR

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;

fleeching] coaxing. dool] mourning.

Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthéning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
crowned,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the
state;
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;

The canvas glowed beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Caesars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions
tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;

No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed:
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,

And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the
way,
These far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burthen of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they
seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ;
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth im-
parts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd, indeed, were such without alloy,
But fostered e'en by Freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stripped of all her
 charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that

toil ;

And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
ways ;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind :

Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring
 swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made;
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove,
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like
these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are
fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,

And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations passed,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;

And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be passed!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his
place;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind ; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours, to judge, how wide the limits stand

Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
growth,

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are passed, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
'To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting
day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure passed,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their
last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;

At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part un-
sound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and Oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;

Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

A BALLAD

'TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

'For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

‘No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

‘But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

‘Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forgo;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master’s care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed, and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrup in the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answ'ring care oppressed ;
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast ?

'From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love ?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest :
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said :
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confessed
A maid in all her charms.

' And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried ;
' Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

' But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

' My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

' To win me from his tender arms
Unnumbered suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

' Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove :
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

' In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

‘ And when beside me in the dale
He carolled lays of love ;
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

‘ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe to me !
Their constancy was mine.

‘ For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain :
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

‘ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I’ll lay me down and die ;

’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.’

‘ Forbid it, heaven ! ’ the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turned to chide,
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign ;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that’s mine ?

‘ No, never from this hour to part,
We’ll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wond’rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene’er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE

THANKS, my Lord, for your venison, for finer or
fatter

Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtù*;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce

This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?

Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my Lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,

It's a truth—and your Lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.
To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undressed,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival

M—r—'s:

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef;
There's my countryman H—gg—ns—Oh! let him alone,

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.

But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself,
entered;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.

‘What have we got here?—Why, this is good eating! Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?’

‘Why, whose should it be?’ cried I with a flounce, ‘I get these things often;’—but that was a bounce:

‘Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation.’

‘If that be the case, then,’ cried he, very gay,

‘I’m glad I have taken this house in my way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;

No words—I insist on ’t—precisely at three:

We’ll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;

My acquaintance is slight, or I’d ask my Lord Clare.

And now that I think on ’t, as I am a sinner!

We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.

What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,

And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter!—this venison with me to Mile-end;

No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!’

Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,

‘And nobody with me at sea but myself’;

Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
hasty,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,

Were things that I never disliked in my life,

Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.

So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,

I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine:)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb,

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
come;

‘For I knew it,’ he cried, ‘both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thrale;
But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They[’re] both of them merry and authors like you;
The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*.’
While thus he described them by trade, and by
name,

They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swingeing tureen;
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made
hot;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my Lord, as for tripe, it’s my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round.
But what vexed me most was that d—’d Scottish
rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his
brogue;

And, ‘Madam,’ quoth he, ‘may this bit be my
poison,

A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;

Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be cursed,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'
'The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
'I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.'
'O—Oh!' quoth my friend, 'he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty'—'A pasty!' repeated the Jew,
'I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too.'
'What the de'il, mon, a pasty!' re-echoed the Scot,
'Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for thot.'
'We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out;
'We'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake
her?

That she came with some terrible news from the
baker:

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on 't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplaced
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sickened over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

SONG

FROM 'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD'

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

THOMAS WARTON

1728-1790

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF
DUGDALE'S 'MONASTICON'

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns, of these proud tomes, th' historic
page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Thinkst thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage,
His thoughts on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

TO THE RIVER LODON

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road;
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime
mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed.

THOMAS PERCY

1729-1811

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

It was a friar of orders gray,
Walked forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
'Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine,
My true love thou didst see.'
'And how should I know your true love
From many another one?'
'Oh! by his cockle hatt and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

‘ But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyne of lovely blue.’

‘ O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he’s dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

‘ Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady’s love,
And ’plaining of her pride.

‘ Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall ;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall.’

‘ And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
And art thou dead and gone ?
And didst thou die for love of me ?
Break, cruel heart of stone !’

‘ O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.’

‘ O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e’er wan lady’s love.

‘ And now, alas ! for thy sad loss
I’ll evermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wished to live,
For thee I wish to die.’

‘ Weep no more, lady, weep no more ;
Thy sorrow is in vain :
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne’er make grow again.

‘ Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly ;
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.’

‘ O say not so, thou holy friar !
I pray thee say not so ;
For since my true love died for me,
’Tis meet my tears should flow.

‘ And will he never come again—
Will he ne’er come again ?
Ah, no ! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

‘ His cheek was redder than the rose—
The comeliest youth was he :
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas ! and woe is me.’

‘ Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

‘ Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.’

‘ Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so ;
My love he had the truest heart—
Oh he was ever true !

‘ And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth ?
And didst thou die for me ?

Then farewell home ; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

‘ But first upon my true-love’s grave
My weary limbs I’ll lay,
And thrice I’ll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.’

‘ Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall ;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall.’

‘ O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.’

‘ Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

‘ Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought ;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

‘ But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.’

‘ Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart ;
For since I’ve found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.’

WILLIAM COWPER

1731-1800

TO A YOUNG LADY

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng:
 With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destined course;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
 Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
 And Heaven reflected in her face.

LOSS OF THE *ROYAL GEORGE*

TOLL for the brave—
 The brave! that are no more:
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore.
 Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel
 And laid her on her side;
 A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset;
 Down went the *Royal George*
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock;
His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes;
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main;
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

BOADICEA: AN ODE

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

- ‘ Princess! if our agèd eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
’Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
- ‘ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
- ‘ Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
- ‘ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.
- ‘ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
- ‘ Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.’
- Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.
- She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

‘ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.’

JOHN GILPIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin’s spouse said to her dear—
‘ Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

‘ To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

‘ My sister, and my sister’s child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.’

He soon replied—‘ I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

‘ I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.’

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin---‘ That ’s well said :
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.’

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O’erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin !

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse’s side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs—
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed!

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig!—
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig!

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out—‘ Well done!’
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—Who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
‘ He carries weight!’ ‘ He rides a race!’
‘ ’Tis for a thousand pound!’

And still, as fast as he drew near,
’Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house'—
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired:'
Said Gilpin—'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:—

‘What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:—

‘I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.’

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and, in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit—
‘My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

‘But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.’

Said John—‘It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton.
And I should dine at Ware!’

So, turning to his horse, he said—
‘I am in haste to dine;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.’

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin’s hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than at first—
For why?—they were too big!

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell—
‘This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.’

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels!—
The post-boy’s horse right glad to miss
The lumb’ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp’ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

‘Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!’
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too!—
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the seafowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

EPITAPH ON A HARE

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo',

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw,
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel;
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching show'rs,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut-shade
 He finds his long, last home,
 And waits in snug concealment laid,
 'Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more agéd, feels the shocks
 From which no care can save,
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,
 Must soon partake his grave.

FROM 'THE TASK'

(1) ENGLAND

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country! and, while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy
 clime

Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies, too; and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
 Should England prosper, when such things, a
 smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as
these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fall'n
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

(2) THE WINTER EVENING

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon

Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright:—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen
locks;

News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn:
And, having dropped th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

(3) THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

THE night was winter in his roughest mood ;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed :
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.

Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here :
May think down hours to moments. Here the
heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hood-winked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice,
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn
root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,

Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought and fix it on themselves.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY

NO FABLE

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs, adorned with every grace,
That spaniel found for me)

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent surveyed;
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finished, I returned.
Beau trotting far before
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, 'the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed;

But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.'

✓ ON THE DEATH OF MRS. THROCKMORTON'S
BULLFINCH

YE nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red,
With tears o'er hapless fav'rites shed,
O share Maria's grief!
Her fav'rite, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Assassined by a thief.

Where Rhénus strays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he sprung,
And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blest,
Well-taught, he all the sounds expressed
Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole;
His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise
To sweep up all the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe, alike to bird and mouse,
No cat had leave to dwell;
And Bully's cage supported stood,
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,
Large-built and latticed well.

Well latticed—but the grate alas!
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For Bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peeled and dried,
The swains their baskets make.

Night veiled the pole—all seemed secure—
When led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth-sallied, on the scout,
Long-backed, long-tailed, with whiskered snout,
And badger-coloured hide.

He, ent'ring at the study-door,
Its ample area 'gan explore ;
 And something in the wind
Conjectured, sniffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
 Food, chiefly, for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impressed,
A dream disturbed poor Bully's rest ;
 In sleep he seemed to view
A rat, fast-clinging to the cage,
And, screaming at the sad presage,
 Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent
Right to his mark the monster went—
 Ah, Muse! forbear to speak
Minute the horrors that ensued ;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
 He left poor Bully's beak.

He left it, but he should have ta'en
That beak, whence issued many a strain
 Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote,
For silencing so sweet a throat,
 Fast set within his own.

Maria weeps—The Muses mourn—
So, when by Bacchanalians torn,
 On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanted Orpheus fell ;
His head alone remained to tell,
 The cruel death he died.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S
PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM

OH that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the past'ral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so, to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and
smile)
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore

‘Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,’
And thy loved consort on the dang’rous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest tossed,
Sails ripped, seams op’ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current’s thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp’rous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation’s help, not sought in vain,
I seem t’ have lived my childhood o’er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

THE RETIRED CAT

A POET’S cat, sedate and grave,
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks, to which she might retire,

And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think. ,
I know not where she caught the trick—
Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
Or else she learned it of her master.
Sometimes ascending, debonair,
An apple-tree or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gard'ner at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty wat'ring pot,
There wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparelled in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel as well as we
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wished instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer,—it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use,—

A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there.
Puss with delight beyond expression,
Surveyed the scene, and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease ere long,
And lulled by her own hum-drum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock (cried puss)
Was ever cat attended thus!
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,
For soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid, and it was closed:
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet,
O what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest
Till Sol, declining in the west,
Shall call to supper; when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out.

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day)
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening gray again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more
Than if entombed the day before.

With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, or purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching,
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—what's that?
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied.
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest,
And doubtful what, with prudent care,
Resolved it should continue there.
At length a voice, which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him, and dispelled his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop,
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipped the cat; not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension,
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyberbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Any thing rather than a chest:

Then stepped the poet into bed,
With this reflection in his head:

MORAL

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence!
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn, in school of tribulation,
The folly of his expectation.

TO MARY UNWIN

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they
 drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things;
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings: •
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright—
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee
 mine.

TO THE SAME

THE twentieth year is wellnigh past
Since first our sky was overcast ;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow ;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more ;
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
Th' Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship, nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—Adieu.

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more.
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him: but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear.
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
Am whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

WILLIAM FALCONER

1732-1769

FROM 'THE SHIPWRECK'

It comes! the dire catastrophe draws near,
 Lashed furious on by destiny severe:
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
 O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above!
 This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
 The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
 Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain;
 Since I, all trembling in extreme distress,
 Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
 Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
 Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
 And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
 Attempt his stoic firmness to retain;
 Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
 Spectator of such various horrors been,
 E'en he had staggered at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
 For every wave now smites the quivering yard;
 High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
 Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
 Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming roar,
 And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
 Swift up the mounting billow now she flies,
 Her shattered top half-buried in the skies;

Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags descends:
Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate.
Then might I, with unrivalled strains, deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surf the bending main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below:
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan:
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach—a lifeless crew!

Next, O unhappy chief! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb;
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corpses red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, enclosed;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray.
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs enfold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,

For death bids every clenching joint adhere:
All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, 'Oh protect my wife and child!' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished
sound,

He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.

Five only left of all the shipwrecked throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
'Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy;
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost':
Thus thought Arion; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commissioned fly!
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away;
Hurled on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon the elusive weed;
Another billow bursts in boundless war!
Arion sinks! and memory views no more.

Ha! total night and horror here preside,
My stunned ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear;

But lo! emerging from the watery grave
Again they float incumbent on the wave,

Again the dismal prospect opens round,—
The wreck, the shore, the dying and the drowned!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
These two, who scramble on the adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelmed! and never rise again.

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reached the shore;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
Awhile they wait the exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet—
O Heaven! delivered by whose sovereign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That, damp with death, appears not yet to glow;
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sickened spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE

1735-1788.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE¹

AND are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

¹ The above song is sometimes attributed to Jean Adam, who died in 1765, but the evidence points almost conclusively to Mickle's authorship.

Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin 's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin 's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he 's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he 's been long awa'.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,

bigonet] head-dress. thraw] twist

Gar ilka thing look braw,
 For wha can tell how Colin fared
 When he was far awa' ?
 Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in 't
 As he comes up the stair—
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet !
 If Colin 's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave :
 And gin I live to keep him sae,
 I'm blest aboon the lave :
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there 's nae luck about the house,
 There 's nae luck at a' ;
 There 's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman 's awa'.

CUMNOR HALL

THE dews of summer night did fall,
 The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.
 Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
 The sounds of busy life were still,
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
 That issued from that lonely pile.
 caller] fresh, cool. lave] remainder.

‘Leicester’, she cried, ‘is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?’

‘No more thou com’st, with lover’s speed,
Thy once belovèd bride to see,
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, (stern Earl) ’s the same to thee.

‘Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father’s hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

‘I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

‘If that my beauty is but small,
Among court-ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where (scornful Earl) it well was prized?’

‘And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest—plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

‘Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale—the lily’s dead—
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

‘For know, when sickening grief doth prey
And tender love’s repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What floweret can endure the storm?’

‘ At court, I’m told, is beauty’s thrône,
Where every lady’s passing rare;
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

‘ Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken—when those gauds are by ?

‘ ‘Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

‘ But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong)
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition’s gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

‘ Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine,)
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

‘ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day ?

‘ The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

‘ The simple nymphs! they little know,
How far more happy ’s their estate—
—To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
—To be content—than to be great.

‘ How far less blest am I than them ?

Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
Divided—feels the chilling air.

‘ Nor (cruel Earl!) can I enjoy

The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

‘ Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,

The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:

“ Countess, prepare—thy end is near.”

‘ And now, while happy peasants sleep,

Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

‘ My spirits flag—my hopes decay—

Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,

“ Countess, prepare—thy end is near.”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,

In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,

In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,

An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more.
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

JAMES BEATTIE

1735–1803

EDWIN, THE MINSTREL

THERE lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed;*
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went. . . .

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye,
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed
the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phoebus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary
team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net, by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorned to wield:
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

Lo! where the stripling wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain
gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while,
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now
embossed!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar pro-
found!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene,
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

The Minstrel.

THE MELODIES OF MORN

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower.
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

The Minstrel.

THE HERMIT

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
'Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall:

But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn;

O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

‘ Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
But man’s faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
dew:

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

‘ ’Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

“ O pity, great Father of light,” then I cried,
“ Thy creature, who fain would not wander from
thee;

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
free.”

‘ And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descend-
 ing,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.’

The Hermit.

ISOBEL PAGAN

1740–1821

CA’ THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca’ them where the heather grows,
 Ca’ them where the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
 There I met my shepherd lad;
 He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
 And he ca’d me his dearie.

‘ Will ye gang down the water side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide?

 The moon it shines fu’ clearly.’

‘ I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
 And a’ the day to sit in dool,
 And naebody to see me.’

yowes] ewes. knowes] hillocks. rows] rolls. rowed]
 wrapped. dool] sorrow.

‘ Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye’s e lie and sleep,
 And ye sall be my dearie.’

‘ If ye’ll but stand to what ye’ve said,
 I’s e gang wi’ you, my shepherd lad,
 And ye may row me in your plaid,
 And I sall be your dearie.’

‘ While waters wimple to the sea,
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin’ my e’e,
 Ye aye sall be my dearie!’

lift [sky.

JOHN COLLINS

1742–?1808

TO-MORROW

IN the downhill of life, when I find I’m declining,
 May my lot no less fortunate be
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o’erlooks the wide sea;
 With an ambling pad-pony to pace o’er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade
 too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade
 too;
 With a barn for the use of the flail:

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.
From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may
afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.
And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare
to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

1743-1825

LIFE

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly ?
Where bend unseen thy trackless course ?
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed ?

Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years th' appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
O say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee ?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning !

ODE TO SPRING

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned ;

From the green islands of eternal youth
(Crowned with fresh blooms, and ever-springing
shade)

Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thine own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweet,
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores,—those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds;
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which through the whispering
boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale,
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead through the cool moist air
 Throws his young maiden beams,
 And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with wind and frequent shade
 Protects thy modest blooms
 From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
 Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
 Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For O! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
 Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
 Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights,
Than all their largest wealth, and through the
 heart
 Each joy and new-born hope
 With softest influence breathes.

THOMAS HOLCROFT

1745-1809

GAFFER GRAY

Ho, why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
 'Tis the weather that's cold,
 'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
 'Well-a-day!'

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
‘Nay, but credit I’ve none,
And my money’s all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!’

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest’s door.
‘The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne’er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!’

! The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
‘He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!’

! The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
‘His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!’

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;

What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
‘The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!’

CHARLES DIBDIN

1745–1814

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft. (*twice*)
Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.
Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, Who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moored with thee!

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

POOR JACK

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And 'tain't to a little I'll strike;

Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack
smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every-
thing tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For says he, do ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a damned fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you'll never hear of me more:

What then, all 's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there 's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to
flinch,

From the moment the anchor 's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought 's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino 's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's;
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for Poor Jack.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply;
And he feathered his oars with such skill and
dexterity,

Winning each heart and delighting each eye:
He looked so neat and rowed so steadily,
The maidens all flocked to his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an
air,

That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft rowed in his wherry,
'Twas cleaned out so nice, and so painted withal,
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.

And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering,
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;
As he rowed along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was plied by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smiled and so straightway in love he
did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before even to-morrow,
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married and never in want of a fare?

MICHAEL BRUCE

1746-1767

TO THE CUCKOO¹

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

¹ Sometimes attributed to John Logan (1748-1788), but probably composed by Michael Bruce.

The schoolboy, wand'ring through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fli'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN

1748-1788

THE BRAES OF YARROW

' THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

‘ He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father’s bowers ;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father’s towers ;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow ;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

‘ Sweet were his words when last we met ;
My passion I as freely told him ;
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him !
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro’ Yarrow.

‘ His mother from the window looked
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walked
The green-wood path to meet her brother ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

‘ No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

'The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow—
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.'
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.
marrow] mate.

ROBERT FERGUSON

1750–1774

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE OF
BRAID, NEAR EDINBURGH

WOULD you relish a rural retreat,
Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
The city's allurements forget,
To this spot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley and crystalline brook,
Whose current glides sweetly along,
Give nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among. . . .

For, lo! through each opening is heard,
In concert with waters below,
The voice of a musical bird,
Whose numbers melodiously flow. . . .

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear;
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near.

THE DAFT DAYS

Now mirk December's dowie face
 Glowrs ovr the rigs wi' sour grimace,
 While, thro' his *minimum* o' space,
 The bleer-ey'd sun,
 Wi' blinkin' light and stealin' pace,
 His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie sings;
 To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings;
 The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
 Frae Borean cave;
 And dwynin' Nature, droops her wings,
 Wi' visage grave.

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
 Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
 Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,
 Wi' frozen spear,
 Sends drift ovr a' his bleak domain,
 And guides the weir.

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole,
 A bield for mony a cauldrie soul,
 Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
 Baith warm and couth;
 While round they gar the bicker roll
 To weet their mouth.

When merry Yule-day comes I trow,
 You'll scantlins find a hungry mou;
 Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fou

daft] mad.	mirk] dark.	dowie] sad.	glowrs]
stares.	'dwynin'] decaying.	canty] jolly.	biel]
shelter.	cauldrie] cold.	couth] comfortable.	gar]
make.	bicker] bowl, goblet.		

O' gusty gear,
And kickshaws, strangers to our view,
Sin' fairn-year.

Ye browster wives! now busk ye bra,
And fling your sorrows far awa';
Then, come and gie's the tither blaw
Of reaming ale,
Mair precious than the Well of Spa,
Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
Amang oursell's we'll never quarrel;
Tho' Discord gie a cankered snarl
To spoil our glee,
As lang 's there 's pith into the barrel
We'll drink and 'gree.

Fiddlers! your pins in temper fix,
And roset weel your fiddlesticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
From out your quorum,
Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix—
Gie's *Tullochgorum*.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel
As can a canty Highland reel;
It even vivifies the heel
To skip and dance:
Lifeless is he wha canna feel
Its influence.

Let mirth abound; let social cheer
Invest the dawning of the year;

gusty] windy. fairn-year] last year. browster]
brewer. busk] deck. bra] finely. blaw] draught.
reaming] foaming. pins] pegs. roset] rosin.

Let blithesome innocence appear
 To crown our joy;
 Nor envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,
 Our bliss destroy.

And thou, great god of *aqua vitæ*!
 Wha sways the empire of this city—
 When fou we're sometimes capernoity—
 Be thou prepared
 To hedge us frae that black banditti,
 The City Guard.

capernoity] peevish.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

1750-1817

THE DESERTER

If sadly thinking,
 With spirits sinking,
 Could more than drinking
 My cares compose,
 A cure for sorrow
 From sighs I'd borrow,
 And hope to-morrow
 Would end my woes.
 But as in wailing
 There's nought availing,
 And Death unfailing
 Will strike the blow,
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season,
 Let us be merry
 Before we go.

To joy a stranger,
A way-worn ranger,
In every danger
 My course I've run;
Now hope all ending,
And Death befriending,
His last aid lending,
 My cares are done:
No more a rover,
Or hapless lover,
My griefs are over,
 My glass runs low;
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
 Before we go!

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

1750-1825

AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to
sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was
stown awa' ;

My mother she fell sick,—and my Jamie at the
sea—

And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna
spin ;

I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna
win ;

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e

Said, ' Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me ! '

My heart it said nay ; I looked for Jamie back ;

But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack ;

His ship it was a wrack—Why didna Jamie dee ?

Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me !

My father urged me sair : my mother didna speak ;

But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
break :

They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the
sea ;

Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,

When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,

I saw my Jamie's wraith,—for I couldna think it he,

Till he said, ' I'm come hame to marry thee. '

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;

We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;

And why was I born to say, Wae's me !

stown] stolen. greet] weep.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

1751-1816

SONGS FROM 'THE DUENNA'

(1) HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

(2) OH, THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Oh, the days when I was young,
When I laughed in fortune's spite;
Talked of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crowned the night!

Then it was, old Father Care,
Little recked I of thy frown ;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow I ne'er could see ;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me ;
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
But still honest truth I found
In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay ;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou mayst boast
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glow a spark of youthful fire.

(3) HOW OFT, LOUISA, HAST THOU TOLD

How oft, Louisa, hast thou told
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by those lips that spoke so kind,
And by that hand I've pressed to mine,
To be the lord of wealth and power,
By heavens, I would not part with thine!

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 In serving thee, a monarch I.
 Thus uncontrolled, in mutual bliss,
 I rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

(4) THIS BOTTLE'S THE SUN OF OUR TABLE

This bottle's the sun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine:
 We, planets, that are not able
 Without his help to shine.
 Let mirth and glee abound!
 You'll soon grow bright
 With borrowed light,
 And shine as he goes round.

SONG FROM 'THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL'

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus.

Let the toast pass,—
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
 Now to the maid who has none, sir:
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.
Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry:
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the girl that is merry.
Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together.
Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

1752-1770

MYNSTRELLES SONGE ✓

O! SYNGE untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge¹ ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne² as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode³ as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;

¹ running. ² hair. ³ complexion. [Chatterton's notes.]
 cale] cold.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
In the briered dells belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

heie] they. celness] coldness

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownde wythe reytes,¹
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude.

¹ Water-flags [C.'s note]. Ouphante] elfin.

ECLOGUE

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
 Goe, serche the logges¹ and bordels² of the hynde³;
 Gyff⁴ theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
 Inne hem⁵ you see the blakied⁶ forme of kynde.⁷
 Haveth your mynde a lycheynge⁸ of a mynde?
 Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote⁹ bee?
 Woulde ytte here phrase of the vulgar from the
 hynde,

¹ lodges, huts. ² cottages. ³ servant, slave.
 peasant. ⁴ if. ⁵ a contraction of *them*. ⁶ naked.
 original. ⁷ nature. ⁸ liking. ⁹ might. The sense of
 this line is. Would you see everything in its primaeva
 state. [C.'s notes.]

Withoute wiseegger ¹ wordes and knowlache ² free ?
 Gyf soe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge ³
 pende;
 Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

MANNE

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe ?
 O where do ye bende yer waie ?
 I wille knowe whether you go,
 I wylle not bee asseled ⁴ naie.

WOMANNE

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle,
 To hele ⁵ hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE

Syr Rogerre, the parson, have hyred mee there,
 Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
 We'lle wurke ⁶ and we'll synge, and wylle drenche ⁷
 of stronge beer
 As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
 Moke is mie woe.
 Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
 With birlette ⁸ golde,
 Wythe gelten ⁹ aumeres ¹⁰ stronge ontolde,
 What was shee moe than me, to be soe ?

¹ wise-egger, a philosopher. ² knowledge. ³ sport-
 ing. ⁴ answered. ⁵ aid or help. ⁶ work. ⁷ drink.
⁸ a hood, or covering for the back part of the head.
⁹ guilded. ¹⁰ borders of gold and silver, on which was laid
 thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the
 present spangled laces. [C.'s notes.]
 nete] naught. whether] whither.

MANNE

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
 Tryppynge over the lea;
 Ich ask whie the loverds ¹ son
 Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE

The sweltrie ² sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne ³
 From everich beme a seme ⁴ of lyfe doe falle;
 Swythyn ⁵ scille ⁶ oppe the haie uponne the playne;
 Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre ⁷ talle.
 Thys ys alyche oure doome ⁸; the great, the smalle,
 Moste withe ⁹ and be forwyned ¹⁰ by deathis darte.
 See! the swote ¹¹ flourette ¹² hathe noe swote at alle;
 Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle ¹³ parte.
 The cravent ¹⁴, warrioure, and the wyse be blente ¹⁵,
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd
 bemente. ¹⁶

MANNE

All-a-boon, ¹⁷ Syr Priest, all-a-boon,
 Bye yer preest schype nowe saye unto mee;
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyveth harde bie,
 Whie shoulde hee than me,
 Be moe greate,
 Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and estate?

¹ lord's. ² sultry. ³ car. ⁴ feed. ⁵ quickly
 presently. ⁶ gather. ⁷ grow. ⁸ fate. ⁹ a con-
 traction of wither. ¹⁰ dried. ¹¹ sweet. ¹² flower
¹³ equal. ¹⁴ coward. ¹⁵ ceased, dead, no more
¹⁶ lament. ¹⁷ a manner of asking a favour. [C.'s notes.]

SYR ROGERRE

Attourne¹ thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
 Tentyflie² loke arounde the chaper³ delle⁴;
 An answer to thie barganette⁵ here see,
 Thys welked⁶ flourette wylle a leson telle:
 Arist⁷ it blew⁸, itte florished, and dyd welle,
 Lokeynge ascaunce⁹ upon the naighboure greene;
 Yet with the deigned¹⁰ greene yttes rennome¹¹
 felle,
 Eftsoones¹² ytte shronke upon the daie-brente¹³
 playne,
 Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd
 stonde,
 To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.
 Syke¹⁴ ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds¹⁵ ente¹⁶
 Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea¹⁷;
 Gyf thou has ethe¹⁸, the shadowe of contente,
 Beleive the trothe¹⁹, theres none moe haile²⁰
 yan thee.
 Thou wurchest²¹; welle, cannethatte a trobble bee!
 Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest
 daie.
 Coudest thou the kivercled²² of soughlys²³ see,
 Thou wouldst eftsoones²⁴ see trothe ynne whatte
 I saie;
 Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
 Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

¹ turn. ² carefully, with circumspection. ³ dry,
 un-burnt. ⁴ valley. ⁵ a song, a ballad. ⁶ withered.
 arisen, or arose. ⁸ blossomed. ⁹ disdainfully.
¹⁰ disdained. ¹¹ glory. ¹² quickly. ¹³ burnt. ¹⁴ such.
¹⁵ lord's. ¹⁶ a purse or bag. ¹⁷ slay. ¹⁸ ease. ¹⁹ truth.
²⁰ happy. ²¹ workest. ²² the hidden or secret part of.
²³ souls. ²⁴ full soon, or presently. [C.'s notes.]

MANNE

I ryse wythe the sonne,
 Lyche hym to dryve the wayne¹,
 And eere mie wurche is don
 I synge a songe or twayne².
 I followe the plough-tayle,
 Wythe a long jubb³ of ale.
 Botte of the maydens, oh!
 Itte lacketh notte to telle;
 Syr Preeste mote notte crie woe,
 Cuide hys bull do as welle.
 I daunce the best heiedeygnes⁴,
 And foile⁵ the wysest seygn⁶.

On everych Seynctes hie daie
 Wythe the mynstrelle⁷ am I seene,
 All a footeynge it awaie,
 Wythe maydens on the greene.
 But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
 In rennome, tenure, and estate.

SYR ROGERRE

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
 Whose unliste⁸ braunces⁹ rechen far toe syghte
 Whan suired¹⁰ unwers¹¹ doe the heaven fylle,
 Itte shaketh deere¹² yn dole¹³ and moke affryghte
 Whylest the congeon¹⁴ flowrette abessie¹⁵ dyghte¹⁶
 Stondethe unhurte, unquaced¹⁷ bie the storme:
 Syke is a picte¹⁸ of lyffe: the manne of myght
 Is tempest-chast¹⁹ hys woe greate as hys forme

¹ car. ² two. ³ a bottle. ⁴ a country dance
 still practised in the North. ⁵ baffle. ⁶ a corruption
 of *seints*. ⁷ a minstrel is a musician. ⁸ unbounded
⁹ branches. ¹⁰ furious. ¹¹ tempests, storms. ¹² dire
¹³ dismay. ¹⁴ dwarf. ¹⁵ humility. ¹⁶ decked
¹⁷ unhurt. ¹⁸ picture. ¹⁹ tempest-beaten. [C.'s notes.]

Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accoonte,
 Woulst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee
 dydste mounte.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE ✓

A WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS
 ROWLEY¹, 1464.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
 And hotte upon the mees² did caste his raie;
 The apple rodded³ from its palie greene,
 And the mole⁴ peare did bende the leafy spraie;
 The peede chelandri⁵ sunge the livelong daie;
 'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
 And eke the grounde was dighte⁶ in its mose defte⁷
 aumere⁸.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
 Deade still the aire, and eke the welken⁹ blue,
 When from the sea arist¹⁰ in drear arraie
 A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring¹¹ attenes¹² the sunnis fetive¹³ face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up
 apace.

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-
 reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St.
 Kenna at Keyneham, and died at Westbury in Gloucester-
 shire. ² meads. ³ reddened, ripened. ⁴ soft.
⁵ pied goldfinch. ⁶ drest, arrayed. ⁷ neat, ornamental.
⁸ a loose robe or mantle. ⁹ the sky, the atmosphere.
¹⁰ arose. ¹¹ hiding, shrouding. ¹² at once.
¹³ beauteous. [C.'s notes.]

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent¹
lede,

A hapless pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle² in his weede,
Longe bretful³ of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer⁴
flie?

He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed⁵ face, his sprighte there
scanne;

Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd⁶,
deade!

Haste to thie church-glebe-house⁷, asshrewed⁸
manne!

Haste to thie kiste⁹, thie onlie dortoure¹⁰ bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;

Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and them-
selves.

¹ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. ² beggarly. ³ filled with. ⁴ beggar. ⁵ clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. ⁶ dry, sapless. ⁷ the grave. ⁸ accursed, unfortunate. ⁹ coffin. ¹⁰ sleeping room. [C.'s notes.]

The gatherd storme is rype ; the bigge drops falle ;
The forswat¹ meadowes smethe², and drenche³
the raine ;

The comyng ghastrness do the cattle pall⁴,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine ;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott⁵ againe ;
The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne⁶ flies ;
And the hot fierie smothe⁷ in the wide lowings⁸ dies.

Liste ! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge⁹
sound

Cheves¹⁰ slowlie on, and then embollen¹¹ clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended,
drown'd, *Spire*
Still on the gallard¹² eare of terroure hanges ;
The windes are up ; the lofty elmen swanges ;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste¹³ attenes in stonen
showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came ;
His chapournette¹⁴ was drented with the reine,
And his pencte¹⁵ gyrdle met with mickle shame ;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll¹⁶ at the same ;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist¹⁷ almes craver neere to the holme to
bide. *pen*

¹ sun-burnt. ² smoke. ³ drink. ⁴ *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. ⁵ fly. ⁶ lightning.
⁷ steam, or vapours. ⁸ flames. ⁹ noisy. ¹⁰ moves.
¹¹ swelled, strengthened. ¹² frightened. ¹³ burst. ¹⁴ a small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers. ¹⁵ painted.
¹⁶ He told his beads backwards ; a figurative expression to signify cursing. ¹⁷ poor, needy. [C.'s notes.]

His cope¹ was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
 His autremete² was edged with golden twynne,
 And his shoonepyke a loverds³ mighte have binne;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne;
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
 For the horse-millanare⁴ his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;
 Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
 This is no season almes and prayers to give;
 Mie porter never lets a faitour⁵ in;
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes dic
 stryve,

And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoones
 roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde
 Faste reynenye oer the plaine a prieste wa
 seen;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
 His cope and jape⁶ were graie, and eke were clene

¹ a cloke.

² a loose white robe, worn by Priests

³ a lord's.

⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though
 but seldom employed.

⁵ a beggar, or vagabond.

⁶ short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and
 secular priests. [C.'s notes.]

A Limitoure he was of order seene;
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweet Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
 The mister pilgrim dyd for hallme¹ shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe² thie care;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete³ of oure owne
 we bare.

But ah! unhailie⁴ pilgrim, lerne of me,
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my semecope⁵, thou arte bare I see;
 Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
 He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
 Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure⁶,
 Or give the mittee⁷ will, or give the gode man power.

THERE LACKETHE SOMETHYNGE STYLLE

THE boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte;
 The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;
 Yn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte
 Thenesh⁸ yongecowslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
 The trees enlesed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestling
 dynne ys broughte.

¹ joy. ² ease ³ nought. ⁴ unhappy. ⁵ a short
 under-cloke. ⁶ glory. ⁷ mighty, rich. ⁸ tender. [C.'s notes.]
 [Limitoure] A licensed begging friar. [aborde] went on.
 [bloshes] blushes. [sprenge] sprinkled. [enlesed] enleafed.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe
alonge;

The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;

Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;

Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;

I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,

Albeytte all ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge
style.

So Adam thoughtenne, whan, ynn Paradyse,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hy
mynde;

Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;

As Instrumentes joie were made the kynde.

Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see

Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme
for thee.

Whanne Autumpne blake¹ and sonne-brente do
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge
lefe,

Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfyll the yere,

Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;

Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from fa
the syghte;

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;

Angelles alleyne fromme chafe² desyre bee free

Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee

¹ naked.

² hot. [C's notes.]

Albeytte] Albeit.

Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and
tere,¹

Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne
fayre.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE

OR THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN

THE featherd songster chaunticleer

Han wounde hys bugle horne,

And tolde the earlie villager

The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edward sawe the ruddie streakes

Of lyghte eclypse the greie;

And herde the raven's crokyng throte

Proclayme the fated daie.

'Thou'rt ryght,' quod hee, 'for, by the Godde

'That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!

'Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,

'To-daie shall surelie die.'

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;

'Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie

'Hee leaves thys mortall state.'

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journeyed to the castle-gate,

And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

¹ health. [C.'s note.]

‘ O goode Syr Charles! ’ sayd Canterlone,
‘ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.’

‘ Speke boldlie, manne,’ sayd brave Syr Charles,
‘ Whatte says thie traytor kynge? ’

‘ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
‘ Does fromme the welkinn flye,

‘ Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,
‘ Thatt thou shalt surelie die.’

‘ Wee all must die,’ quod brave Syr Charles;
‘ Of thatte I’m not affearde;

‘ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
‘ Thanke Jesu, I’m prepar’d:

‘ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee ’s not,
‘ I’d sooner die to-daie

‘ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
‘ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.’

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyng
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;

‘ Im come,’ quod hee, ‘ unto your grace
‘ To move your clemencye.’

Thenne quod the kynge, ‘ Youre tale speke out
‘ You have been much oure friende;

‘ Whatever youre request may bee,
‘ Wee wylle to ytte attende.’

‘ My nobile leige! alle my request
‘ Ys for a nobile knyghte,

‘ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge,
‘ He thoghte ytte style was ryghte:

- ‘ Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
 ‘ Alle rewyn’d are for aie; ’
‘ Yff thatt you are resolv’d to lett
 ‘ Charles Bawdin die to-daie.’
‘ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,’
 The kynge ynne furie sayde;
‘ Before the evening starre doth sheene,
 ‘ Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:
‘ Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
 ‘ And hee shalle have hys meede:
‘ Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte thyng else
 ‘ Att present doe you neede? ’
‘ My nobile leige! ’ goode Canynge sayde,
 ‘ Leave justice to our Godde,
‘ And laye the yronne rule asyde;
 ‘ Be thyne the olyve rodde.
‘ Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
 ‘ The best were synners grete;
‘ Christ’s vycarr only knowes ne synne,
 ‘ Ynne alle thys mortall state.
‘ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
 ‘ Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
‘ From race to race thy familie
 ‘ Alle sov’reigns shall endure:
‘ But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 ‘ Beginne thy infante reigne,
‘ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
 ‘ Wylle never long remayne.’
‘ Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
 ‘ Has scorn’d my power and mee;
‘ Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
 ‘ Intreate my clemencye? ’

- ‘ My nobile leige! the trulie brave
‘ Wylle val’rous actions prize,
‘ Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
‘ Altho’ ynne enemies.’
- ‘ Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav’n
‘ Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
‘ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
‘ Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.
- ‘ By Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav’n,
‘ Thys sunne shall be hys laste.’
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.
- Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.
- ‘ Wee all must die,’ quod brave Syr Charles;
‘ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
‘ Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
‘ Of all wee mortall menne.
- ‘ Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
‘ Runns overr att thyne eye;
‘ Is ytte for my most welcome doome
‘ Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?’
- Quod godlie Canynge, ‘ I doe weepe,
‘ Thatt thou so soone must dye,
‘ And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
‘ ’Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.’
- ‘ Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
‘ From godlie fountaines sprynge;
‘ Dethe I despise, and alle the power
‘ Of Edward, traytor kynge.

- ‘ Whan through the tyrant’s welcom means
‘ I shall resigne my lyfe,
‘ The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
‘ For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.
‘ Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
‘ Thys was appointed mee;
‘ Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
‘ Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?
‘ Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,
‘ Whan thousands dy’d arounde;
‘ Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode
‘ Imbrewed the fatten’d grounde:
‘ How dydd I knowe thatt every darte,
‘ That cutte the airie waie,
‘ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
‘ And close myne eyes for aie?
‘ And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
‘ Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
‘ Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
‘ Bee alle the manne display’d.
‘ Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
‘ And garde thee and thye sonne,
‘ Yff ’tis hys wylle; but yff ’tis nott,
‘ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.
‘ My honest friende, my faulte has beene
‘ To serve Godde and mye prynce;
‘ And thatt I no tyme-server am,
‘ My dethe wylle soone convynce.
‘ Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
‘ Of parents of grete note;
‘ My fadre dydd a nobile armes
‘ Emblazon onne hys cote:

- ‘ I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
 ‘ Where soone I hope to goe;
‘ Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
 ‘ From oute the reech of woe:
‘ Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
 ‘ Wyth pitie to unite;
‘ And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 ‘ The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:
‘ Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
 ‘ To feede the hungrie poore,
‘ Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
 ‘ The hungrie fromme my doore:
‘ And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe
 ‘ I have hys wordyes kept;
‘ And summ’d the actyonns of the daie
 ‘ Eche nyghte before I slept.
‘ I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
 ‘ Yff I defyled her bedde?
‘ I have a kynge, and none can laie
 ‘ Blacke treason onne my hedde.
‘ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 ‘ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
‘ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d
 ‘ To leave thys worlde of payne?
‘ Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
 ‘ I shalle ne see thye dethe;
‘ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
 ‘ Doe I resign my brethe.
‘ Oh, fickle people! rewyn’d londe!
 ‘ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
‘ Whyle Richard’s sonnes exalt themselves,
 ‘ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

‘ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace,
‘ And godlie Henrie’s reigne;
‘ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
‘ For those of bloude and peyne ?
‘ Whatte tho’ I onne a sledde bee drawne;
‘ And mangled by a hynde,
‘ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,
‘ Hee can ne harm my mynde ;
‘ Whatte tho’, uphoisted onne a pole,
‘ Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
‘ And ne ryche monument of brasse
‘ Charles Bawdin’s name shall bear ;
‘ Yett ynne the holie booke above,
‘ Whyche tyme can’t eate awaie,
‘ There wythe the sarvants of the Lorde
‘ Mye name shall lyve for aie.
‘ Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne
‘ I leave thys mortall lyfe :
‘ Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that’s deare,
‘ Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe !
‘ Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
‘ As e’er the moneth of Maie ;
‘ Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
‘ Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.’
Quod Canynge, ‘ ’Tys a goodlie thyng
‘ To bee prepar’d to die ;
‘ And from thys world of peyne and grefe
‘ To Godde ynne Heav’n to flie.’
And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde ;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde :

And just before the officers,
His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.
' Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
' Ynne quiet lett mee die;
' Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
' Maye looke onne dethe as I.
' Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
' Theye washe my soule awaie,
' And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
' Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.
' 'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
' Untoe the lande of blysse;
' Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,
' Receive thys holie kysse.'
Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
' Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kyng!
' My herte ys welle nyghe broke:
' Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
' Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
' The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
' Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.'
And nowe the officers came ynne
To bryng Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saie:
' I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe,
' Truste thou ynne Godde above,
' And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
' And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

‘Teache them to runne the nobile race
‘Thatt I theyre fader runne:
‘Florence! shou’d dethe thee také—adieu!
‘Yee officers, leade onne.’

Thenne Florence rav’d as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
‘Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!’—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

‘Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march’d fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun’d the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henries friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

enshone] displayed.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tuned the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
 As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
 Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
' O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
 ' Washe mye soule clean thys daie! '

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
 The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghé enowe,
 Thatt Edward hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
 And thus hys wordes declare:

‘Thou seest mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!

‘Expos’d to infamie;

‘Butt bee assur’d, disloyal manne!

‘I’m greaterr nowe thanne thee.

‘Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

‘Thou wearest nowe a crowne;

‘And hast appoynted mee to dye,

‘By power nott thyne owne.

‘Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;

‘I have beene dede ’till nowe,

‘And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

‘For aie uponne my browe:

‘Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeares,

‘Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

‘To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

‘’Twixt kyng and tyrant hande:

‘Thye pow’r unjust, thou traytour slave!

‘Shall falle onne thye owne hedde’—

Fromm out of hearyng of the kyng

Departed thenne the sledde.

Kyng Edwarde’s soule rush’d to hys face,

Hee turn’d hys hedde awaie,

And to hys broder Gloucester

Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

‘To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe

‘Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,

‘Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthé,

‘Hee ’s greater thanne a kyng!’

‘Soe lett hym die!’ Duke Richard sayde;

‘And maye echone oure foes

‘Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,

‘And feede the carryon crowes.’

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
' Beholde you see mee dye,
' For servynge loyally mye kynge,
' Mye kynge most rightfullie.

' As longe as Edward rules thys lande,
' Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
' Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
' And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.
' You leave youre goode and lawfull kynge,
' Whenne ynne adversitee;
' Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
' And for the true cause dye.'

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre *

Ynnto foure parties cutte;

And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,

Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,

One onne the mynster-tower,

And one from off the castle-gate

The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,

A dreery spectacle;

Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,

Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:

Godde prosper longe oure kynge,

And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,

Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

GEORGE CRABBE

1754-1832

THE WINTER-STORM

VIEW now the Winter-storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud:
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his
form,

Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swelled and steep,

Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then re-flowing, take their grating course
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the Petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of Wild-ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In-shore their passage tribes of Sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complain-
ing cry

Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Darkness begins to reign; the louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind;
But fright not him, whom evening and the spray
In part conceal—yon Prowler on his way:
Lo! he has something seen; he runs apace,
As if he feared companion in the chase;

He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—' Was your search in vain ? '
Gruffly he answers, ' 'Tis a sorry sight!
A seaman's body ; there'll be more tonight ! '

Hark ! to those sounds ! They're from distress at
sea :

How quick they come ! What terrors may there
be !

Yes, 'tis a driven vessel : I discern
Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern ;
Others behold them too, and from the town
In various parties seamen hurry down ;
Their wives pursue, and damsels urged by dread,
Lest men so dear be into danger led ;
Their head the gown has hooded, and their call
In this sad night is piercing like the squall ;
They feel their kinds of power, and when they
meet,

Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or entreat.

See one poor girl, all terror, and alarm,
Has fondly seized upon her lover's arm ;
' Thou shalt not venture ; ' and he answers ' No !
I will not : '—still she cries, ' Thou shalt not go '.

No need of this ; not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers, o'er such billows float,
Yet may they view these lights upon the beach,
Which yield them hope, whom help can never
reach.

From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows ;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
Terrific splendour ! gloom in glory dressed !
This for a moment, and then clouds again
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.

But hear we now these sounds? Do lights appear?
 I see them not! the storm alone I hear:
 And lo! the sailors homeward take their way;
 Man must endure—let us submit and pray.

The Borough.

BOOKS

Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
 And view composed this silent multitude:—
 Silent they are, but, though deprived of sound,
 Here all the living languages abound;
 Here all that live no more; preserved they lie,
 In tombs that open to the curious eye.
 Blessed be the gracious Power, who taught man-
 kind

To stamp a lasting image of the mind!

That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid;
 Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
 The close-pressed leaves, unclosed for many an age;
 The dull red edging of the well-filled page;
 On the broad back the stubborn ridges rolled,
 Where yet the title stands in tarnished gold;
 These all a sage and laboured work proclaim,
 A painful candidate for lasting fame:
 No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
 In the deep bosom of that weighty work.

The Library.

LATE WISDOM

WE'VE trod the maze of error round,
 Long wandering in the winding glade;
 And now the torch of truth is found,
 It only shows us where we strayed:

Light for ourselves, what is it worth,
When we no more our way can choose?
For others when we hold it forth,
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

By long experience taught, we now
Can rightly judge of friends and foes,
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all their faults discern in those.
Relentless hatred, erring love,
We can for sacred truth forgo;
We can the warmest friend reprove,
And bear to praise the fiercest foe:
To what effect? Our friends are gone
Beyond reproof, regard or care;
And of our foes remains there one
The mild relenting thoughts to share?

Now 'tis our boast that we can quell
The wildest passions in their rage;
Can their destructive force repel,
And their impetuous wrath assuage.
Ah! Virtue, dost thou arm, when now
This bold rebellious race are fled;
When all these tyrants rest, and thou
Art warring with the mighty dead?

Reflections.

THE ANCIENT MANSION

As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,
A man approached me, by his grandchild led—
A blind old man, and she a fair young maid,
Listening in love to what her grandsire said.

And thus with gentle voice he spoke—
‘Come lead me, lassie, to the shade,
Where willows grow beside the brook;
For well I know the sound it made,
When dashing o’er the stony rill,
It murmured to St. Osyth’s Mill.’

The Lass replied—‘The trees are fled,
They’ve cut the brook a straighter bed:
No shades the present lords allow,
The miller only murmurs now;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake.’

‘Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring;
A cup is fastened to the stone,
And I would taste the healing spring,
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes.’

‘The holy spring is turned aside,
The rock is gone, the stream is dried;
The plough has levelled all around,
And here is now no holy ground.’

‘Then, lass, thy grandsire’s footsteps guide
To Bulmer’s Tree, the giant oak,
Whose boughs the keeper’s cottage hide,
And part the church-way lane o’erlook;
A boy, I climbed the topmost bough,
And I would feel its shadow now.

‘Or, lassie, lead me to the west,
Where grew the elm-tree thick and tall,
Where rooks unnumbered build their nest—
Deliberate birds, and prudent all:

Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,
But they're a social multitude.'

'The rooks are shot, the trees are felled,
And nest and nursery all expelled;
With better fate the giant-tree,
Old Bulmer's Oak, is gone to sea.
The church-way walk is now no more,
And men must other ways explore:
Though this indeed promotion gains,
For this the park's new wall contains;
And here I fear we shall not meet
A shade—although, perchance, a seat.'

'O then, my lassie, lead the way
To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn:
That something holds, if we can pay—
Old David is our living kin;
A servant once, he still preserves
His name, and in his office serves.'

'Alas! that mine should be the fate
Old David's sorrows to relate:
But they were brief; not long before
He died, his office was no more.
The kennel stands upon the ground,
With something of the former sound.'

'O then,' the grieving Man replied,
'No further, lassie, let me stray;
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
Of what was grand, of what was gay:
But all is changed, is lost, is sold—
All, all that's left is chilling cold.
I seek for comfort here in vain,
Then lead me to my cot again.'

A MARRIAGE RING

THE ring, so worn as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold:
The passion such it was to prove—
Worn with life's care, love yet was love.

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757–1827

FROM POETICAL SKETCHES

(1) SONG

HOW SWEET I ROAMED FROM FIELD TO FIELD

How sweet I roamed from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

(2) SONG

MY SILKS AND FINE ARRAY

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave;
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
O why to him was 't given
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipp'd tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

(3) SONG

MEMORY, HITHER COME

MEMORY, hither come,
And tune your merry notes:
And, while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song;
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along:
And when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley
With silent Melancholy.

(4) TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;
Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;
Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!
How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

(5) TO SPRING

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turnèd
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.

(6) TO THE EVENING STAR

THOU fair-haired angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun forest:
The fleeces of our flock are covered with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

FROM 'SONGS OF INNOCENCE'

(1) INTRODUCTION

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

(2) NURSE'S SONG

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

'Then come home, my children, the sun is gone
down,

And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.'

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.'

'Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.'
The little ones leaped and shoutèd and laughed
And all the hills echoèd.

(3) THE LAMB

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?
'Dost thou know who made thee?'

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

(4) NIGHT

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep ;,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying ' Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

' And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep ;
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.'

(5) A CRADLE SONG

SLEEP! sleep! beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night ;
Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet Babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,
From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

(6) A DREAM

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilderer, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say:

' O, my children! do they cry?
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see:
Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropped a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied: 'What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home.'

(7) HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue
and green,
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as
white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames'
waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of
London town!

Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their
own.

The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of
lambs,

Thousands of little boys and girls raising their
innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to Heaven the
voice of song,

Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heaven
among.

Beneath them sit the agèd men, wise guardians of
the poor;

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your
door.

(8) ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too ?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share ?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear ?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast ;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear ;

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away ?
O, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all ;
He becomes an infant small ;
He becomes a man of woe ;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O! He gives to us His joy
That our grief He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

(9) THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O, my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say:
'Look at the rising sun: there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, "Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."'

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,
I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

(10) THE ECHOING GREEN

THE Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bell's cheerful sound.
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

FROM 'SONGS OF EXPERIENCE'

(1) THE TIGER

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?
What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

(2) AH! SUN-FLOWER

AH, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

(3) THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother, say?'—
'They are both gone up to the Church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His priest and king,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

(4) THE SCHOOLBOY

I LOVE to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn through with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when tears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father and mother, if buds are nipped
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripped
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

FROM 'THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL'

JESUS WAS SITTING IN MOSES' CHAIR

JESUS was sitting in Moses' chair.
They brought the trembling woman there.
Moses commands she be stoned to death.
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid his hand on Moses' law;
The ancient heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll.

FROM 'MILTON'

(1) THE NEW JERUSALEM

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic Mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

(2) VISION OF BEULAH

THOU hearest the nightingale begin the song of
spring:

The lark, sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the
morn

Appears, listens silent; then, springing from the
waving cornfield, loud

He leads the choir of day—trill! trill! trill! trill!

Mounting upon the wings of light into the great
expanse,

Re-echoing against the lovely blue and shining
heavenly shell:

His little throat labours with inspiration; every
feather

On throat and breast and wings vibrates with the
effluence divine:

All nature listens silent to him, and the awful sun
Stands still upon the mountain, looking on this
little bird

With eyes of soft humility and wonder, love and awe.
Then loud from their green covert all the birds
begin their song:

The thrush, the linnet, and the goldfinch, robin, and
the wren

Awake the sun from his sweet reverie upon the
mountain:

The nightingale again assays his song, and through
the day

And through the night warbles luxuriant, every bird
of song

Attending his loud harmony with admiration and
love.

This is a vision of the lamentation of Beulah over
Ololon.

Thou perceivest the flowers put forth their precious
odours;
And none can tell how from so small a centre comes
such sweets,
Forgetting that within that centre eternity expands
Its ever-during doors that Og and Anak fiercely
guard.
First, ere the morning breaks, joy opens in the
flowery bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the sun rising dries: first
the wild thyme
And meadow-sweet, downy and soft, waving among
the reeds,
Light springing on the air, lead the sweet dance;
they wake
The honeysuckle sleeping on the oak; the flaunting
beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the white-thorn,
lovely may,
Opens her many lovely eyes; listening, the rose
still sleeps—
None dare to wake her: soon she bursts her crimson-
curtained bed
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty. Every
flower,
The pink, the jessamine, the wallflower, the carna-
tion,
The jonquil, the mild lily, opes her heavens; every tree
And flower and herb soon fill the air with an innu-
merable dance,
Yet all in order sweet and lovely. Men are sick with
love!
Such is a vision of the lamentation of Beulah over
Ololon.

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear.
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
 From morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

gowans] daises. paidled] paddled. fiere] comrade.
 guid-willie] hearty. waught] draught.

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.
drumlie] miry.

WILLIE BREWED *

O WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Chorus—We are na fou', we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth! she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the King amang us three!

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pów,
 John Anderson, my jo.

bree] juice.

lift] sky.

brent] smooth.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high covered with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

GREEN grow the rashes O,
 Green grow the rashes O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses O!

[canty] cheerful

[rashes] rushes.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes O;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses O.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie O;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses O:
 The wisest man the warl' saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses O.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes O;
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses O.

YE BANKS AND BRAES

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

warly] worldly. canny] quiet. tapsalteerie]
 opsy-turvy. douce] grave, sober.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
 I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?
 There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 'Guid-day to you, brute!' he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
 My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
 My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordained I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

poortith] poverty. fen'] shift. deave] annoy.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten:
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house stalkin'—
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye;
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen;
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the world ken?

Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

sten] bound.

waukin'] watching.

droukit] wet.

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown!
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

PHILLIS THE FAIR

WHILE larks with little wing
 Fanned the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare:

stoure} turmoil.

Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
 Glad did I share;
While you wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
I marked the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

wage] stake.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

DUNCAN GRAY

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleechd, and Duncan prayed;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

coost] tossed. skeigh] shy, distant. abeigh] alo
 fleechd] begged.

Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg grew sick as he grew hail,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And O, her een they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smooored his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

grat] wept. bleer't] bleared. blin'] blind. lowpin]
 leaping. linn] waterfall. smooored] smothered. crouse]
 lively. cantie] merry.

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the
 glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming for
 bear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding
 rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clea
 wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

Chorus

An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie, he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass
The window looking through.

Sae light's he jumpèd up the stair,
And tirlèd at the pin;
And whae sae ready as herself
To let the laddie in.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kenned the way
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
An' down yon scroggie glen,
We daur na gang a milking
For Charlie and his men.

tirlèd] rattled. scroggie] covered with underwood.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody!
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN

THE De'il cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danced awa wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cried 'Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' your prize, man.'
We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony thanks to the muckle black De'il
That danced awa wi' the Exciseman.
There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was—the De'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.

FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, an' a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!

gowd] gold. hodden] coarse cloth. birkie] fellow.
 ca'd] called. coof] dolt. aboon] above. mauna]
 must not. fa'] manage.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
 Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU,
 MY LAD

Chorus—

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flee:
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

yett] gate. a-jee] ajar. syne] then.

ROBERT BURNS
OF A' THE AIRTS

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.
 I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO
BANNOCKBURN

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie.
 Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour!
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slaverie!
 Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

airts] directions. row] roll.

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?

Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

BONNIE LESLEY

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say 'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!

That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

A RED, RED ROSE

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blins her ee:
tent] look after, tend.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it wæs to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

A BALLAD

THERE were three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise;
'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

My loved, my honoured, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been—
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I
ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sough;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:

sough] a sighing of the wind.

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher
 through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neibor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new
 gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;

stacher] stagger. flichterin'] fluttering. ingle
 hearth. kiaugh] anxiety. belyve] soon. tentie rin
 heedful run. spiers] enquires. uncoss] strange things

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
'And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright!'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worth-
less rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; .
A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

gars] makes. eydent] diligent. jauk] trifle. hafflins]
partly. ben] into the room. cracks] talks.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave
 Weel-pleased to think her bairn's respected like the
 lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found;
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
 spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the eve-
 ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth—
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts, dissembling smooth
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction
 wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food
 The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood

blate] bashful.	laithfu'] backward.	lave] res
sowpe] beverage.	hawkie] cow,	hallan] partition

The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell;
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it good;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide—

He wales a portion with judicious care,
 And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
 Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

hained] saved. kebbuck] cheese. fell] tasty. tow-
 mond] twelvemonth. sin'] since. lint] flax. i'the
 bell] in flower. ha'-bible] hall-bible. lyart haffets]
 grizzled temples. wales] chooses. beets] feeds.

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere
Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God;'
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die—the second glorious part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard

TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING HER UP IN HER
 NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic 's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou mayst thief;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!

sleekit] sleek. bickering brattle] hurrying scamper
 laith] loath. pattle] plough-stick. whiles] sometime
 maun] must. daimen-icker in a thrave] odd ear in
 bundle. A thrave is 24 sheaves. lave] rest.

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out-thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou 's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But oh! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

big] build. foggage] moss. snell] bitter. But house]
 Without house. hald] holding. thole] endure. cranreuch]
 hoar-frost. lane] alone. a-gley] askew.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1780

WEE modest crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blythe to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;

maun] must. stoure] dust. weet] wet. speckled
 speckled. blythe] happy. wa's] walls. bield] shelte
 histie] barren. stibble] stubble.

But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade,
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred:
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!

TAM O' SHANTER

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neibors neibors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;

chapman billies] pedlar fellows.
 gate] road.

drouthy] thirsty.

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter—
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A bletherin', blusterin', drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder wi' the miller
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
 Thou at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
 Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how mony counsels sweet,

nappy] ale. slaps] gaps. fand] fou
 skellum] rogue. blellum] idle talker. ae] one. il
 every. melder] grinding of meal. naig] nag. warloc
 wizards. mirk] dark. gars] makes. greet] weep.

How mony lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river—
A moment white, then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

ingle] fireside. bleezing] blazing. reaming] frothing.
swats] ale. Souter] Shoemaker.

Nae man can tether time nor tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour, he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he tak's the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares.
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoored;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;

skelpit] hurried. dub] puddle. houlets] owls.
 smoored] was smothered. birks] birches. meikle] big.

The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll:
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!

What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle!
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
 Warlocks and witches in a dance!
 Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast—
 A touzie tyke, black, grim, and large!
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantraip sleight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table

bore] hole. tippenny] twopenny ale. boddle] small coin.
 brent] brand. winnock-bunker] window-seat. touzie]
 shaggy. gart] forced. dirl] quiver. cantraip] magic spell.

A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief new-cuttet frae the rape—
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,

gibbet-airns]	gibbet-irons.	cleekit]	linked.	carlin
crone.	duddies]	clothes.	sark]	shirt.
greasy.	thir]	these.	hurdies]	loins.
Withered.	spean]	wean.		Rigwoodie

Louping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie
There was ae winsome wench and walie
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after kent on Carrick shore!
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kent thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches)
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r—
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang);
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowred and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'
And in an instant all was dark!
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

crummock] short, crooked staff. walie] choice. bear]
barley. harn] yarn. coft] bought. hotched] fidgeted.
syne] then. tint] lost.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke
When plundering herds assail their byke,
As open pussie's mortal foes
When pop! she starts before their nose,
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud.
So Maggie runs; the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Each man and mother's son, take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks rin in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

fyke]fuss. byke]hive. eldritch]frightful. skriech
shriek. fairin']reward. fient a]devila. ettle]intent, air

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches.

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
 An' let poor damnèd bodies be;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a deil,
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeal!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
 Far kenned an' noted is thy name;
 An', tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far;
 An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles rangin' like a roarin' lion
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin';
 Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin',
 Tirlin' the kirks;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray;

Hornie]	Horned devil.	Clootie]	Cloven hoofed devil.
Spairges]	Splashes.	cootie]	pail.
scaud]	scald.		
skelp]	slap.	heugh]	fiery pit.
lag]	sluggish.	blate]	
bashful.	scaur]	scared.	tirlin']
			stripping,
unroofing.			

Or, where auld ruined castles gray
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my grannie summon
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
 Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin',
 Wi' eerie drone;
 Or, rustlin', thro' the boortrees comin',
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary windy winter night
 The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
 Wi' you mysel I gat a fright
 Ayont the lough;
 Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight
 Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stoor 'quaick, quaick',
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squattered like a drake
 On whistlin' wings.

Let warlocks grim an' withered hags
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags
 They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
 Owre howkit dead.

eldritch] hideous. croon] moan. boortrees] elder tree
 sklentint'] slanting. rash-buss] rush-bush. nieve] fis
 stoor] harsh. squattered] fluttered. ragweed] ragwort
 howkit] disinterred.

Thence country wives, wi' toil an' pain,
 May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;
 For oh! the yellow treasure's taen

By witchin' skill;

An' dawtit twal-pint Hawkie's gane
 As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,

By cantrip wit,

Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve thy snawy hoord,
 An' float the jinglin' icy-boord,
 Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,

By your direction,

An' 'nighted trav'lers are allured
 To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
 Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies

Delude his eyes,

Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When masons' mystic word an' grip
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,

Or, strange to tell!

The youngest brither ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell.

kirk] churn. dawtit] fondled. twal-pint] twelve-pint. gane]
 gone. As yells the bill] As milkless as the bull. crouse]
 merry. cantrip] freakish. thowes] thaws. hoord] hoard.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were paired;
 And all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r;

Then you, ye auld snick-drawing dog!
 Ye cam to Paradise incog.

An' played on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa!)

An' gied the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruined a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 'Mang better folk,

An' sklented on the man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
 While scabs an' blotches did him gall
 Wi' bitter claw,

An' lows'd his ill-tongued wicked scawl,
 Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,

 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

brogue] deceit. fa] portion. shog] shock. duds
 clothes. reestit gizz] burnt periwig. sklented] slanted
 lows'd] loosed. scawl] scold. ava] of all. fechtin] fighting
 ding] beat.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin',

To your black pit;

But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',

An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!

O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Still hae a stake:

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,

Ev'n for your sake!

linkin'] quickly going. jinkin'] dodging.

JOANNA BAILLIE

1762-1851

THE OUTLAW'S SONG

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,

The owl sits on the tree,

The hushed wind wails with feeble moan,

Like infant charity.

The wild-fire dances on the fen,

The red star sheds its ray;

Uprouse ye then, my merry men!

It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,

And closed is every flower,

And winking tapers faintly peep

High from my lady's bower;

Bewildered hinds with shortened ken

Shrink on their murky way;

Uprouse ye then, my merry men!

It is our op'ning day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latchèd door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!
And use it as ye may.

FISHERMAN'S SONG

No fish stir in our heaving net,
And the sky is dark and the night is wet;
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore;
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.
Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,
And nought is heard but the lashing waves
And the sullen roar of the angry sea
And the wild winds piping drearily;
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.
Push bravely, mates! Our guiding star
Now from its towerlet streameth far,
And now along the nearing strand,
See, swiftly moves yon flaming brand.
Before the midnight watch be past
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.

Oh no! sad and slow!

I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trysting-bush,
It wears so slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near;
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.

Oh no! sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.

Oh no! sad and slow!
These are nae the sounds for me;
The shadow of our trysting-bush,
It creeps sae drearily!

I coft yestreen from chapman Tam
A snood o' bonnie blue,
And promised when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.

Oh no! sad and slow!
The time it winna pass!
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

Oh now I see her on the way,
She's past the witch's knowe;
She's climbing up the Brownny's brae,
My heart is in a lowe.

coft] bought. snood] head-band. lowe] blaze.

Oh no! sad and slow!
'Tis glam'rie I hae seen;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though conned wi' little skill;
When Collie barks, I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.

Oh no! 'tis nae so!
The time will ne'er be gane!
The shadow of the trysting-bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

SONG

OH welcome, bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way!
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by!
And welcome, shadows dim and deep,
And stars that through the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland Love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair;
Her breath is in the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whispered sound,
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour?
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night?

HAY MAKING

UPON the grass no longer hangs thé dew ;
Forth hies the mower, with his glittering scythe,
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,
He moves athwart the mead with sidling bend,
And lays the grass in many a swathey line:
In every field, in every lawn and meadow,
The rousing voice of industry is heard ;
The haycock rises, and the frequent rake
Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.
The old and young, the weak and strong, are there,
And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.
The father jeers his awkward half-grown lad,
Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field,
Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.
The village oracle, and simple maid,
Jest in their turns and raise the ready laugh ;
All are companions in the general glee ;
Authority, hard-favoured, frowns not there.
Some, more advanced, raise up the lofty rick,
Whilst on its top doth stand the parish toast,
In loose attire, and swelling ruddy cheek.
With taunts and harmless mockery she receives
The tossed-up heaps from fork of simple youth,
Who, staring on her, takes his arm away,
While half the load falls back upon himself.
Loud is her laugh, her voice is heard afar :
The mower busied on the distant lawn,
The carter trudging on his dusty way,
The shrill sound know, their bonnets toss in air,
And roar across the field to catch her notice:
She waves her arm to them, and shakes her head,
And then renews her work with double spirit.
Thus do they jest and laugh away their toil

Till the bright sun, now past his middle course,
Shoots down his fiercest beams which none may
brave.

The stoutest arm feels listless, and the swart
And brawny-shouldered clown begins to fail,
But to the weary, lo! there comes relief!
A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn
With slow and wary steps approach: some bear
In baskets oaten cakes or barley scones,
And gusty cheese and stoups of milk or whey.
Beneath the branches of a spreading tree,
Or by the shady side of the tall rick,
They spread their homely fare, and seated round,
Taste every pleasure that a feast can give.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

1762-1850

DOVER CLIFFS

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And while the distant murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes from which he wept to part.
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall;
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The world his country, and his God his guide.

TIME AND GRIEF

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile:
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must this poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

SAMUEL ROGERS

1763–1855

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.
The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.
Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!
Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow:
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know!
She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast:
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!
Sleep on secure! Above control
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee:
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

GINEVRA

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine)
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,

And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song—
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer-sun,
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to
foot,

An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs

Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent

With Scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there
Nor was she to be found! Her Father cried,
' 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!'
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed

But that she was not!—Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
Why not remove it from its lurking place?
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'Ginevra.'—There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

Italy.

THE ROBIN'S GRAVE

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
—Gone to the world where birds are blessed!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing.

AN ITALIAN SONG

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade,
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

1766-1823

THE FAKENHAM GHOST

THE lawns were dry in Euston park;
 (Here Truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
 And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham
 And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But followed faster still,
And echoed to the darksome copse
 That whispered on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
 Bespoke a peopled shade,
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
 And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
 That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
 Come o'er her troubled mind—
When now a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turned; it stopped; nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain!
She owned her sins, and down she knelt
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she feared the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
Out came her daughter dear;
Good-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park;
And simple as the playful lamb
Had followed in the dark.
No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.
His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.
A favourite the Ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.
For many a laugh went through the vale;
And some conviction too:
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE

1766-1845

THE LAND OF THE LEAL

I'm wearin' awa', John
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn 's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And O! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-coming fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear 's the joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

O, dry your glistening e'e, John!
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

fashious] fastidious.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
 M'Cleish's ae dochter, o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
 A penniless lass wi a' lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword, an' cocked hat,
 An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, he rade cannilie,
 An' rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
 'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'
 Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine:
 'An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
 She put off her apron, an' on her silk goon,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowèd fu' low,
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na!'
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'!

Dumfounded was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e,
 He mounted his mare an' he rade cannilie;
 An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
 'She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!'

yett] gate. mutch] cap.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
 Will soon gar mony ferlie;
 For ships o' war hae just come in,
 And landit Royal Charlie.

gar] make. ferlie] wonder.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' th' welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand,
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie,
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
Wi mony a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotia's King and law,
And spier ye wha but Charlie?
Come through the heather, &c.

There's nae a lass in a' the lan',
But vows faith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han',
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms,
To arms for Royal Charlie!
Come through the heather, &c.

LADY NAIRNE
CALLER HERRIN'

551

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin' ?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;
Buy my caller herrin',
New-drawn frae the Forth ?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreame'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows
A' to fill the woven willows ?

Buy my caller herrin' ?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;
Buy my caller herrin',
New-drawn frae the Forth ?

Caller herrin' ; caller herrin'.

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Buy my caller herrin' ?
They're no brought here without brave daring ;
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain ?

Caller herrin' ; caller herrin'.

Noo, neebor wives, come, tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin' ;

Buy my caller herrin' ?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.

Caller herrin' ; caller herrin'.

caller] fresh, tent] take heed.

JAMES HOGG

1770-1835

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

COME all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken ;
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.

 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame.

 'Tis not beneath the coronet,
 Nor canopy of state,
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,
 Nor arbour of the great.
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
 In the glen without the name,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

 See yonder pawky shepherd
 That lingers on the hill—
 His yowes are in the fauld,
 And his lambs are lying still ;
 Yet he downa gang to bed,
 For his heart is in a flame
 To meet his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.

kye] cows, kine. mirk] dark. birk] birch.
 yowes] ewes.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit star
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
 O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O, to abide in the desert with thee!

KILMENY

BONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
 But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
 And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
 The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
 And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree;
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
 And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
 Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

yorlin] yellow-hammer. hindberrye] blackberry
 minny] mother. greet] weep.

When many a day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
 When the bedesman had prayed and the dead bell
 rung,

Late, late in gloamin' when all was still,
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
 When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme,
 Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

' Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
 By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
 Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
 That bonnie snood of the birk sae green?
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been? '

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
 As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
 For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,

westlin]	western.	its lane]	alone.	ingle]	hearth.
lowed]	flamed.	eiry leme]	eery gleam.	linn]	waterfall.
joup]	skirt.	scheen]	bright.		

When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been;
 A land of love and a land of light,
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,
 And the light a pure celestial beam;
 The land of vision, it would seem,
 A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,
 And in that waik there is a wene,
 And in that wene there is a maike,
 That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
 And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom happed wi' flowerets gay;
 But the air was soft and the silence deep,
 And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
 She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life;
 And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer,
 'What spirit has brought this mortal here?'—

'Lang have I journeyed, the world wide,'
 A meek and reverend fere replied;
 'Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
 Eident a thousand years and mair.

swa'd] swelled. waik] glade. wene] recess. maike]
 mate. his lane] alone. happed] covered. speer] ask.
 fere] comrade. eident] diligently.

Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms feminitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonnie maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie:
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken.'—

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek and they kemed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, 'Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year, in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

kemed] combed.

' O would the fairest of mortal kind
 Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
 That kindred spirits their motions see,
 Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
 And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
 O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
 And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
 And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
 And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
 And dear to the viewless forms of air,
 The minds that kyth as the body fair!

' O bonnie Kilmeny! free frae stain,
 If ever you seek the world again,
 That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
 O tell of the joys that are waiting here;
 And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall
 be.'—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade;
 And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by.
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kenned not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn:
 ' O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!

kyth] appear. kenned] knew.

Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom! '—

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they passed, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;

gleid] gleam. elyed] vanished.

And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes:
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linkèd flame.
She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marlèd seas, and a thousand isles.
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;

marlèd] variegated.

She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
 And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
 And she thought she had seen the land before.
 She saw a lady sit on a throne,
 The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
 A lion licked her hand of milk,
 And she held him in a leish of silk;
 And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
 With a silver wand and melting e'e;
 Her sovereign shield till love stole in.
 And poisoned all the fount within.
 Then a gruff untoward bedesman came,
 And hundert the lion on his dame;
 And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
 She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
 And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
 Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
 A coffin was set on a distant plain,
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain;
 Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
 And she turned away, and could look nae mair.
 Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
 And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
 And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
 Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
 And weening his head was danger-preef,
 When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
 He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
 To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
 He gowled at the carle, and gecked at Heaven,
 But his mark was set, and his arles given.

leifu'] lone. girmed] snarled. weir] war. gowled]
 howled. gecked] mocked. arles] *lit.* earnest money
 given in confirmation of a bargain; *fig.* a beating.

Kilmeny a while her e'en withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw before her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
Their lilies grew, and the eagle flew;
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapped in a blaze
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the
seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man;
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
O, then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainyelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.

lened] crouched. swinked] worked. brainyelled] beat
gowl] howl. mcoted] moulted. sey] essay.

But she saw till the sorrows of man, were by,
 And all was love and harmony;
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
 Like flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own countrye;
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
 To warn the living maidens fair,
 The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
 That all whose minds unmeled remain
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
 All happed with flowers, in the green-wood wene.
 When seven lang years had come and fled,
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
 And O, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her e'e!
 Such beauty bard may never declare,
 For there was no pride nor passion there;
 And the soft desire of maiden's e'en
 In that mild face could never be seen.
 Her seymar was the lily flower,
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
 And her voice like the distant melody,
 That floats along the twilight sea.

unmeled]	unblemished.	her lane]	alone.	happed]
covered.	wene]	recess.	gloamin']	twilight.
cymar,	smock.			seymar]

But she loved to raikē the lanely glen,
 And keepèd afar frae the haunts of men;
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
 To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
 The wolf played blythly round the field,
 The lordly bison lowed and kneeled;
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.
 And when at even the woodlands rung,
 When hymns of other worlds she sung
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
 O, then the glen was all in motion!
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured and looked with anxious pain
 For something the mystery to explain.
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
 The corby left her houf in the rock;
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
 The wolf and the kid their raikē began,
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their young
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled;
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

raikē] wander through. bughts] pens. faulds] fold
 goved] stared. corby] raven. houf] haunt. raik
 walk. tod] fox. hern] heron. attour] above. forhooye
 forsook. hurled] drawn.

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood weene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight
appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for
three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON
REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING
A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;

And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

 If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
 thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,

And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress

With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

‘Tonight will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.’

‘That, Father! will I gladly do:
Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!’

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
'In heaven we all shall meet;'
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

THE FOUNTAIN

A CONVERSATION

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

' Now, Matthew ! ' said I, ' let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon ;

' Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made ! '

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee :

' No check, no stay, this streamlet fears ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur 'on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

'And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

'My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

'Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

'The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

'With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

'But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

'If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth;
The household hearts that were his own;
It is the man of mirth.

'My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me! but by none
Am I enough beloved.'

•

‘Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

‘And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I’ll be a son to thee!’
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
‘Alas! that cannot be.’

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard’s rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, ‘A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

‘Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

‘ She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

‘ The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

‘ The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

‘ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.’

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon drooped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head!
'O mercy!' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead!'

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM

If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that simple object appertains
A story—unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved;—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes,
When others heeded not, He heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
'The winds are now devising work for me!'
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air ; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed ; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain ;
Those fields, those hills—what could they less ? had
laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form ; this large, for spinning wool ;
That small, for flax ; and, if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work.
The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors

The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labour did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the
meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth
year,

There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
Father and Son, while far into the night
The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours

Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular,
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all—
Than that a child, more than all other gifts .
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,

Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipped
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could
stand

Against the mountain blasts ; and to the heights,
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now ? that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind ;
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again ?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up :
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth
year,

He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means ;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him ; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had armed himself with strength
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.

Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. 'Isabel,' said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
'I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet, if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and, if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?'

At this the old Man paused
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.

There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
To go and overlook his merchandize
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And, at his birth-place, built a chapel floored
With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
And thus resumed:—'Well, Isabel! this scheme
These two days has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.

We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.
Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:

If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night.'

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the last two nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, 'Thou must not go:
We have no other Child but thee to lose,
None to remember—do not go away,
For if thou leave thy Father he will die.'
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
To which, requests were added, that forthwith
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
'He shall depart to-morrow.' To this word
The Housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
In that deep valley, Michael had designed

To build a Sheep-fold ; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked:
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
And thus the old Man spake to him:—‘ My son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories ; ’twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should touch
On things thou canst not know of.—After thou
First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-side
First uttering, without words, a natural tune ;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed
month,
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains ; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know.’

Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, 'Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and, when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived,
But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.
These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
—It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go.'

At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
'This was a work for us; and now, my Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Bôy, be of good hope;—we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four

I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy part ;
I will do mine.—I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee :
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy !
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes ; it should be so—yes—yes—
I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love : when thou art gone,
What will be left to us !—But I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
And of this moment ; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee : amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here : a covenant
'Twill be between us ; but, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave.'

The Shepherd ended here ; and Luke stooped
down,
And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight
The old Man's grief broke from him ; to his heart

He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.
—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming
peace,

Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and, when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were through-
out

'The prettiest letters that were ever seen.'
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on: and once again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was

Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time,
He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the
ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

LUCY

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

I

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of
waters.

II

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the
moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;

And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth
run.

III

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
could name.

V

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

VI

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

VII

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

VIII

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

IX

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself;

X

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had
cast.

XI

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

XIII

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
'What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'

Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

XIV

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

XV

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

XVI

The old Man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

XVII

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,

My question eagerly did I renew,
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

XVIII

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
'Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

XIX

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse re-
newed.

XX

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and, when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'

SONNETS

(1) ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid .
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

(2) LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

(3) THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

(4) IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

(5) IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

✓ (6) COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

THE RAINBOW

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,

Yon solitary Highland Lass!

Reaping and singing by herself;

Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,

And sings a melancholy strain;

O listen! for the Vale profound

Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt

More welcome notes to weary bands

Of travellers in some shady haunt,

Among Arabian sands:

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard

In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,

Breaking the silence of the seas

Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending:—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!

Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
 happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,

A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,

The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;

[To whom the grave

Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight

Of day or the warm light,

A place of thought where we in waiting lie;]

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged · hope still fluttering in his
breast:—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never :

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

I

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

II

Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled;
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

III

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold;
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:

If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base;
And never blush was on my face.

IV

Ah! little doth the young-one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares!
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

V

Neglect me! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought; and, being blind,
Said, 'Pride shall help me in my wrong:
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed:' and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

VI

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

VII

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!

Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

VIII

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

IX

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
Their way to me : 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

X

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass :
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind ;
And all the world appears unkind.

XI

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief :
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.

Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend!

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
(A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

ODE TO DUTY

'Jam non consilio bonus, sed moré eò perductus,
ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè
facere non possim.'

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!
There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.
I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:

And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice:
Not seeking in the school of pride
For 'precepts over dignified',
Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more
wise.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,

As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,

Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

LAODAMIA

'WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:

Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!’
So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her
hands;

While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—’tis He!
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear; ‘Such grace hath crowned thy
prayer,

Laodamía! that at Jove’s command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours’ space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!’

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to
clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

‘Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread’st on will rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.

And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!'
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

'Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—'

'Ah wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

'The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's
 breast.

'But if thou goest, I follow—' 'Peace!' he said,—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—‘ Ill,’ said he,
‘ The end of man’s existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night ;

‘ And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained ;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

‘ The wished-for wind was given :—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

'Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains,
flowers;

My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

'But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die"?

In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

'And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;

I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.

The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love.'—

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis
vain:

The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:

Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

TO A SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted
strain

('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond),

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

FROM 'THE PRELUDE'

(i)

FAIR seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birthplace, and no less
In that belovèd Vale to whicherelong
We were transplanted—there were we let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birthdays, when among the mountain-slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Among the smooth green turf. Through half the
night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation ;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell
In these night wanderings, that a strong desire
O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey ; and when the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds

Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less when spring had warmed the cultured
Vale,

Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird
Had in high places built her lodge; though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

Book I, ll. 301–39

(ii)

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view

Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary ; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnacle ; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan ;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree ;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood ; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being ; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields ;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

(iii)

The memory of one particular hour
Doth here rise up against me. 'Mid a throng
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
A medley of all tempers, I had passed
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,
And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

(iv)

The brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

Book VI, ll. 621-40

(v)

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! O times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights

When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
(As at some moments might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all!

(vi)

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete, thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)
This age fall back to old idolatry,
Though men return to servitude as fast
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame
By nations sink together, we shall still
Find solace—knowing what we have learnt to
 know,
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
Faithful alike in forwarding a day
Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.

Book XIV, ll. 430-54

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1771-1855

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one *wee*, hungry nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that startling light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain:
Then little Darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

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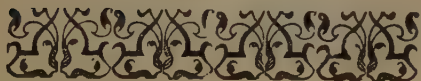
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